



SAILORS' LIFE

AND

SAILORS' YARNS.

BY

CAPTAIN RINGBOLT, *pseud.*

John Codman

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T O
CAPT. E. WHEELWRIGHT,
OF NEWBURYPORT.

THESE pages are inscribed to you, my dear grandfather, upon whose knee, in childhood, I have listened to those tales of the sea, which perhaps have influenced me in the choice of an occupation that I regard as the more honourable because it has been yours. Your numerous descendants, whatever their avocations, can ask no greater blessing than such consciousness of rectitude as is enjoyed by you. May you long remain with us, to witness that an active life of virtue is rewarded by a respected and happy old age.

DORCHESTER, Mass., Dec. 1, 1846.



A P R E F A C E

GENERALLY amounts to an apology, so here you have it :—

Most of the contents of this book, are contributions for the Boston Journal, written for my own amusement in leisure hours, at sea, when I had no passengers, and the tedious hours of a long India voyage hung heavily upon me. Such is my excuse for writing them, and my excuse for publishing them is—the desire that they may amuse others. Most of the “yarns” are founded upon fact ; some are strictly true, with the exception of names of persons. Indeed, the only one which cannot be included in either of these classes, is the one for which its soi-disant narrator claims implicit credence.

I have one more reason for intruding them upon the public, which is, the hope that the sentiments which some of them contain, may commend themselves to sailors, and to those interested in the sailor's welfare.

These are all my apologies, and now, if you please, you may turn over the leaf.



A SAILOR'S LIFE.

“A SAILOR's life is the life of a dog.” So says every old salt, and still he persists in being canine. The truth is, that contentment is a jewel much sought after, but seldom found : for it matters not what may be the profession, trade or occupation of any individual, he always considers it as more onerous than that of his neighbour. The three learned professions are as subject to these remarks as any other business of the world may be. When the M.D., snugly ensconced with his wife and children in bed, feeling as little disposition to turn out as did the man of the parable when importuned for a loaf of bread, hears the alarum sound of his night bell, and knows that he must leave his comfortable quarters, light his lantern, harness his horse, and ride through rain and darkness for miles, to help some one into, or some one out of the world, O, how he envies his legal friend, as he passes his closed shutters, and reflects upon

the domestic quiet that reigns within ! And with what feelings, on the morrow, does this same quiet lawyer, while poring over musty papers and perplexing his brain to link together a chain of evidence, supplying a shackle here and there from his own imagination, look out upon the bright sun-lighted street, and behold the doctor riding along so comfortably and so leisurely in his sulky, looked up to by all as the arbitrator of their lives—and then he thinks how much better had it been, had *he* studied medicine ! Now both these gentlemen look with more invidious eyes upon the parson than upon each other : “ O,” say they, “ what a delightful profession ! so quiet, so free from care, almost a ‘ little heaven below ’—so loved and respected by every one—his salary annually paid—enough to support him, which is all he needs—like Goldsmith’s hero :

‘ A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.’ ”

The poor parson says nothing, for he dares not ; but he could say, “ Go on with your quotation, and you’ll find it as far from applicable as that you have already uttered :

‘ Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion’d to the varying hour.’ ”

All perhaps true in the poet’s time, and even in England, now, where the establishment allows a man more liberty of conscience than he can exercise in this free and happy land. “ No,

no!" cries the poor parson, "there are few of us, in these days, that can afford to be conscientious and independent. We must do as we are told to do, or starve!"

So much for what are termed the learned professions; and in every state of life, the like discontent and envy is more or less apparent. Still all seem to be aware that "rolling stones gather no moss," and mankind generally, notwithstanding their complaints, have the good sense left them to persevere in the occupation which Providence has assigned them, solacing themselves with occasional murmurs of discontent, till the close of existence, when, if not before, they come to the sage conclusion, that the world, and every thing it contains, is one general assortment of vanity and vexation of spirit. Then why should not sailors call their life "the life of a dog," and growl accordingly?—and yet why should not we be happy too, as other complaining spirits are? So we are, and so we will be. "Away with melancholy!"—overboard with the foul fiend! Launch! and as the gurgling waves of returning blithsomeness close over him, three cheers for the gay goddess that floats so lightly upon them!

A sailor's life a dull life? Who so constantly employed as he? What a mistaken idea is entertained of this on shore! People imagine that, once clear of port, there is little or nothing to be done, but quietly to watch the course of the

vessel—to saunter about the decks, and do what each one lists, or do nothing at all, which latter is looked upon as a very happy state of existence. Nothing to do? Idleness? The devil's own dam! It has ruined many on shore, but, depend upon it, it will never ruin sailors in the merchant service. There is always enough to be done—refitting, setting-up, turning-in, splicing, rattling down and tarring rigging, strapping blocks, keeping chafing gear in order, sail-making, scraping, scrubbing, painting—all these are some of the constant and numerous employments on board of a ship. These may be made onerous by useless work, but still there is enough to keep all hands usefully employed on the longest voyages. And then on board of all well-regulated ships, there is time given, and books furnished, for reading, and improving the mind; and more knowledge is often acquired in these precious moments than if abundance of time were at disposal. They are sweet, like stolen fruit. Good appetites and sound sleep follow; and though day after day has its usual round in these respects, the young seaman feels that he is improving in his calling, and qualifying himself for a higher station, while all look forward with pleasing anticipations to their arrival abroad, and with anticipations tenfold more pleasing, to their return to their homes. Tyrannical officers and quarrelsome shipmates often mar these sources of enjoyment, but not

as they did once : for the former are beginning to discover that the law of love is more powerful than the "cat," and the latter are fast escaping from the thralldom of intemperance, which has been a more cruel despot over them than was ever tyrant of flesh and blood.

The sailor's fare is often hard ? Well, so it is, and shame to some of his employers for it ; but let good be returned for evil, and let us wish them no greater ill than to be obliged to feed upon the like—and at the same time, wish them the ability to digest it, which can only be derived from health, and which in its turn is a consequent of exercise and cheerfulness. "A contented mind is a continual feast." Their minds might be somewhat more contented, if their dispositions were more liberal. Be that as it may, we have determined to be contented, come what will ! It is hard to be *roused* from a snug berth, after having accomplished a good day's work, and already stood a four hours' watch ;—for but just now we had turned in, after shifting our wet clothes, and putting on the last dry flannels in our chests. We had resolved upon one good four hours' watch below, and had already begun to carry out this resolution. Who sleeps so sound as the sailor, for who has earned a sounder sleep ? Nor is it sleep alone—a cheerful smile rests on his weather-beaten face—his happy spirit has left it there, and then taken wings and flown away for a time, leaving its

easily disordered companion to be retuned by repose. Now travels the mind upon the wings of imagination, to which fleet messenger thousands of leagues are as nothing, and distance is a thing unknown. In an instant the spirit is at home. Home!—who ever speak or think that word without emotions of pleasure? But to the sailor, it is invested with charms such as no one else can feel, or can scarcely imagine.

Yes, dearest home! they only know
How sweet thy joys to wand'ers are,
Who distant from thy portals go!
Our morning sun—our evening star—
Still shine upon our rugged way,
And cheer our oft desponding hearts!
There's joy in every peaceful ray
Thy living light on us imparts!

In the midst of these sweet dreams, while yet in the embraces of parents, brothers and sisters, and perhaps of some one else, three heavy stamps, and an unwelcome voice—"All hands ahoy! bear a hand up and reef topsails!"—call back the truant spirit to its deserted dwelling, and mind and body are obliged to combine their energies—the former gradually being made conscious of the stern reality which the latter speedily is acquainted with, by the cold sleet penetrating the skin. This is hard;—but to youth, health and strength, even this is not unmixed with pleasure. The excitement is pleasure—and who talks of the entire monotony of a life upon the ocean, and says there is no

excitement in it? He knows nothing: for there is excitement enough in watching the angry sky, the combing sea sparkling in the dark night as every drop of the briny deep teems with bright existence—the vivid lightning shooting madly through the threatening heavens, while the tempest now whistles among the creaking spars and rigging; and now bellows in unison with the foaming surges. No excitement in this? O, there is!—such as even the prince of poets could not feel when he stood in view of the “majestic mountains of Switzerland,” and exclaimed—

“The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through his misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!”

There he stood, safe upon the solid land, and paid to nature this immortal tribute of a deathless song—yet standing, as it were—

“Amid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds!”—
a mere looker-on, how conscious he must have felt of his own weakness and insignificance. Fain would he have been

“A sharer in the fierce and far delight,
A portion of the tempest and of thee.”

But taking part in this elemental warfare as the sailor does, knowing that he is contending

against the rage of nature, and trusting to come off victorious, as he has done before, from the fearful strife—can this but complete an excitement never to be felt but by those

“Whose march is on the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep !”

Such is a sailor's life, or rather, such, you will say, is the poetry of his life ; but sad is the reality of the sailor's death.

To die upon the ocean, far, far from home and friends, with none of the soothing accompaniments that smooth the rough passage through the valley of the shadow of death—these soft alleviations are a mother's tenderness and a sister's care ! Oh, these are wanting to the poor sailor, as he writhes in agony upon his hard berth-boards, in the damp, pent-up fore-castle, with no one to cheer his fainting spirit and his dying groans, sometimes responded to with blasphemy, to stop his cries. This is no exaggeration. They tell you of the nobleness and generosity of the sailor ; but go among them in the fore-castle to learn of their depravity. Believe not the plausible stories of those whose little experience, strong prejudices, and interested motives, would lead you to believe that all the sailor's misery at sea is the consequence of brutal treatment of their officers. Such things are not so, nor would the captain of the *Pilgrim* have been thus abused, had not death rendered him powerless in his own defence. No, there is de-

pravity in the sailor's heart as well as in that of the landsman. Thank God such scenes as I was describing do not often occur; but, alas, I have seen them, nevertheless. Still often will the sympathizing tear be dropped, and the ready hand of assistance be extended, to the dying sailor; but what is this, when exercised to the utmost extent that the rough nature of his shipmates is capable of? What is it to one pressure of the hand, one glimpse of his mother? "Oh," he exclaims, "she knows not what I suffer now, for if she did, she would be surely here. Thousands of miles of fathomless depths between us would not keep her away. By some means she would come to the side of her dying son. And then I should die happier. Oh! mother!" And he dies with that blessed name upon his lips, which will be a passport for his soul through the realms of space, and to the throne of God! What a charm is there in that word!

It brings me again to infancy's pleasures,
Sweet home, with its sweetest allurements I see,
Oh, I ask not of earth aught else of its treasures,
Such thoughts of my home are riches to me.

"My mother!" Dear mother, I'll never forget thee,
Whenever, wherever, on earth I may roam;
Cares my encircle, temptations beset me,
Their power shall all vanish at thoughts of my home.

From infancy's dawn to manhood's progression,
The object I've been of thine unceasing care,
And often for me what blest intercession,
Has risen to heaven in my mother's fond prayer.

If the prayer of the fervent is more than another,
In the ear of the High and Infinite One,
May he listen to thine, my own dearest mother,
As often poured forth for thy wandering son!

Need I offer excuses for this simple tribute to her? 'T is because my pen would follow my thoughts, that I have thus written. And many a brother sailor's thoughts, I well know, are the same. It is in indulging such feelings as these, that often a middle watch is spent at sea. And if death should overtake us in such a frame of mind, he will find our last thoughts on earth worthy of being those nearest to heaven.

NATHAN SMITH;

OR, THE MAN THAT WAS LAUGHED AT.

“UNCLE Jonas, I can’t stand it any longer ; and what’s more, I won’t !” This exclamation proceeded from the mouth of Nathan Smith. There and then was under the roof of his uncle, in the interior of Vermont, on the second day of November, 1830.

“Can’t stand what, you impudent rascal ?” demanded his affectionate relation.

“Can’t stand what ?” was re-echoed in a shrill tone by his indulgent aunt.

“Why, I can’t stand like a docked colt tied up in a stall, as I am here. Now here I am seventeen years old, and you keep me drudging and digging, and give me no chance to learn anything, so that every body laughs at me.”

“Who laughs at you ?” asked Mr. Jonas Smith.

“Why, amongst others, J—J—Jane Beaton ! I won’t stand it, I say, I’m going to sea !”

Having given vent to the thoughts which had been long working in his inner man, Nathan stood resolutely, fully expecting torrents of wrath and floods of tears—but he found that Jane was not the only one who laughed at him, for his worthy relatives, at this speech, indulged in the most obstreperous merriment, and said, they “would like to see him do it.” They soon left the kitchen, however, much to his relief, telling him to finish boiling the potatoes, and to feed the pigs, before he went to sea.

“They’d like to see me do it, would they?” soliloquized the youth, when left alone. “Well, I’ll be an obedient boy; I’ll boil the potatoes and feed the pigs, and then I’ll go to sea.”

Now old Mr. Smith was a good farmer; he could bring up corn and potatoes better than he could bring up children; and the knowledge and breeding of his nephew was, as he has hinted, much too confined; but it is probable that the young man would not have discovered it had it not been that Jane Beaton laughed at him. Good gracious, what things are women! You can’t stand their laughing, you can’t stand their crying—you can’t stand any thing they do! They just heave their grappling irons, and you are fast. A Saccarapper might just as well try to get away from a Baltimore clipper. That’s the way they do before marriage. If they keep it up after they are spliced, matrimony must be an awful thing—very!

It was nearly dark when Nathan had boiled the potatoes and fed the pigs for the last time. He then proceeded to his garret, and dressed himself in his "Sunday-go-to-meetings," made a bundle of his remaining effects, and bade adieu to home. But it was not easily done. Notwithstanding the joy of escaping from his uncle's petty tyranny, the remembrance of some sunshiny spots in his childhood stole over him, and it was his *home* after all. He had no other.

As he looked back upon the black walls of the building, he half repented; but just then his uncle's voice reached his ear: "*He* go to sea! What sort of a sailor would he make? He's good for nothing any where!"

Nathan turned his back and walked rapidly away, but not as yet to the main road. There was a house near by, where lived a certain 'Squire Beaton, and it seems that Nathan had some business there yet to transact. He approached it with a very awkward feeling, and proceeded to reconnoitre through the windows before attempting an entry. A crackling fire burned on the hearth. The old 'Squire sat reading the newspaper aloud to Mrs. Beaton, who was busily employed at her knitting, and to another lady, who engrossed all the attention of our spying visitor. If you had been looking in that window, you'd have called her "sweet sixteen," and acknowledged that you never saw more rosy cheeks and luxuriant hair, and you'd

have wondered what made those roguish eyes dance so with seeming delight.

"Laughing at me now ! I'll bet," thought Nathan ; " but I *will* say good-bye to her." So he laid his bundle down by the fence, and knocked at the door.

"Come in !" cried the full voice of the old 'Squire, and at the same instant his blooming daughter jumped to open the door for the visitor.

"Why, Nathan Smith !" exclaimed she ; "Why need you knock ? I was just thinking about you !"—but a blush came over her face as she added, "at least mother was saying something about you."

"I thought so," replied the young man ; "I thought you were laughing at me."

"You did, sir ?" answered Jane, becoming suddenly sedate, "and how did you know I was laughing at all ?"

"Jane, Jane !" cried Mrs. Beaton, "do come in ; who in the world are you talking with so long in the entry ?"

The young lady speedily obeyed this summons, followed by Nathan, assuring her mama that she "wasn't saying any thing to any body, only that the door-handle is so hard to turn."

"Yes, very !" said her father ; "Jane, I wasn't born yesterday"—and, without raising his eyes from the newspaper, he added, "Good evening, Nathan ; walk in and sit down."

He accepted the invitation, and after answer-

ing the old people's questions in regard to the welfare of his uncle and aunt, then came a pause which no one saw fit to interrupt. In the mean time his eyes wandered toward Jane, who was amusing herself with rolling up a bright ribbon which she seemed so anxious to exhibit that she at length asked, "Well, Mr. Nathan, what do you think of this, and who do you think gave it to me?"

"Ned Saunders, I think likely," replied Nathan.

"So it was—how good you are at guessing! what a nice fellow Ned is!"

Poor Nathan! he knew no more about a woman then than he did about a ship, or he would have interpreted this as "I don't care a bit for Ned, but only say so to make you jealous." Nathan certainly was jealous of the young shop-keeper, nor was this the first instance of his being troubled with the green-eyed monster.

"But what makes you so dull this evening?" cried the gay girl, bursting into a merry laugh as she saw the effect the ribbon had produced, "has anybody stolen your heart?"

He might have said "yes," and have laid his hands as he did his eyes upon the thief, but he fetched a long sigh, and said, "Miss Jane, I've come to say 'Good-bye,' for I am going to sea."

The newspaper and the knitting-work dropped simultaneously, and the gay laugh ceased for an instant. If Nathan's eyes had not been this mo-

ment upon the old people, who were uttering various exclamations of surprise, he might have seen the colour forsake those blooming cheeks, and leave them paler than if all the shopkeepers in Vermont were at the bottom of the ocean. But for an instant only—then her laugh redoubled, and poor Nathan thought, “how little she cares for me !”

“You may laugh,” he said, at length fairly aroused, “but good-bye—you won’t see me again till I am Captain of a ship—I’m sorry I can’t stay to Mrs. Saunders’ wedding.”

This rather increasing the young lady’s merriment, he seized his hat and opening the door, bolted into the road, followed by peals of laughter, and “Good-bye, Captain Smith !”

“I wonder why Nathan should take such a fancy into his head,” said Mrs. Beaton when the door was closed, and they were again drawn around their pleasant fire-side.

“It is not at all surprising,” said the ‘Squire ; “ever since his parents died, and Jonas Smith took charge of him in his infancy, he has had a hard time of it. You shouldn’t have laughed at him so, Jane, it was unkind.”

His daughter drew her chair nearer, and grasping her father’s knees, she looked into his face with those full eyes so lately sparkling with merriment, but now dimmed with starting tears.

“Do you really think he will go, father ?” she asked, in a low and almost trembling voice.

"Yes, my child, I do."

"Then," she exclaimed, falling upon his neck and giving full vent to her feelings, "Heaven protect him, and forgive me!"

The thoughts of the wanderer would have been far different as he pursued his lonely way that night, had he known that his wakefulness was shared by another, and that her pillow was bedewed with weeping on his account.

Not many days after this, a country bumpkin had wended his way down State-street and come into view of the shipping in Boston harbor. He had some idea of what a vessel was, from having seen pictures of them, so that he could distinguish one from a brick building—nor, when he approached nearer, was he so ignorant as one of his verdant predecessors is said to have been, who, when he first examined a vessel, exclaimed, "I snum, Zeek, she's holler!" But all rigs were alike to Nathan, and he made a bold push for the first craft in his way, which happened to be a New York packet schooner.

"Captin'," said he, addressing one of the crew, "you don't want any green hands for this ship, do you?"

This query was answered by a roar of laughter, and the advice of the Captain, who stood on the wharf, for him to make application to yonder *schooner*, which happened to be a full-rigged ship.

"Laugh away," thought our hero, "it ain't so bad as Jane's;" and nothing daunted, on he went to the ship. "I'll be careful," thought he, "this time, and find out who the captain is, before I ask." He therefore took a fair survey of the lumpers and loafers about the wharf and the vessel, and came to the conclusion that no one of these could be the captain. But at length he espied a gentleman upon the quarter deck, whose back was turned to him. He was dressed somewhat fantastically, as he thought, wearing a cocked hat, and having a flaming red collar to his overcoat, but very likely that might be his uniform. "Ah, that must be he," said Nathan to himself, "however, I'll ask him."

He accordingly passed over the gangway, and walking towards the supposed captain, he said, "Capting of this schooner, ain't you?"

But he made a hasty retreat when the big baboon turned sharply round upon him, chattering and grimacing, and but for the shortness of his chain, ready to give him a grip far from affectionate.

"Laugh away," cried Nathan, as the lumpers joined the baboon, "you're a set of monkeys, the whole of ye!"

"And is't me for one, ye spalpeen, that ye're after calling a monkey?" said one.

"Shouldn't wonder a mite if you was," said our unsuccessful and somewhat angry applicant.

"Take that then, for want of a shillaleh!"

said the lumper, giving him a side-winder with his fist.

"Don't want it," replied Nathan; "take it back again!" and down went the fellow into the hold.

Upon this, a dozen comrades of the fallen champion rushed upon our hero, seeking revenge, when a voice came from the companion-way: "Stop this, you rascals—a dozen upon one! Let me see one of you lay your hands upon that young man, if you dare, and I'll throw the whole pack of you into the dock! You'll find that it's ABEL COFFIN, and not the monkey, that's captain here.

"Let 'em come, let 'em come!" cried Nathan; "so you're Cäpting, and on my side—there ain't more than a dozen of 'em, and we'll lick 'em all into sawdust.—Here goes!" and he was about to make a dive into the midst of the fellows, who had stood silently by, the instant they were rebuked, but his headway was stopped by the grasp of a powerful right hand, which before then, had held a larger man than him, at arm's length, while another was as firmly held by the left, and their heads knocked together till mutiny was knocked out of them,

"I like your spirit, youngster," said he, "but you are in a passion. Never get angry—keep cool—you've punished them quite enough, and you need not fear their troubling you again.

But what do you want here, and who sent you?"

"Why," replied Nathan, "the Capting of that ship, there, said he didn't know but you might want me aboard the schooner, here."

Captain Coffin smiled, for he saw how the lad had been imposed upon. "What a fine sailor you'd be," he said, "not knowing the difference between a ship and a schooner!"

"Well, Capting," rejoined Nathan, "you know there's a beginning to every thing, creation and all, and I suppose there must be to sailors."

"There, Mr. S——," said the captain to the owner, who stood by his side, "hear what that lad says: he's green enough, but I wish Congress had as good an idea in their heads as that. Government knows nothing, or cares nothing, about commerce or seamen. I believe there's no patriotism in Washington. They all look to parties. No one dares propose a measure of real utility, for fear it should take up too much time, and offend some one of the same party that wants all day to 'define his position.' Now, if they had the good of a pretty extensive portion of their country at heart, they would enact some law that would make *American sailors*. See how our ships are manned: not one-seventh of the crews of foreign traders are American. 'Tis true, we are obliged to have two-thirds of our crews protected. But what are these protections? The great majority are false, or

transferred from one man to another, as suits a landlord's convenience. All shipmasters are obliged to connive at this, for otherwise how could we get our crews? Many of these foreign sailors are good ones, too—ready made to our hand. A good Dutch or English sailor comes to me with an American protection—he eats no more than a green-horn, and is a sailor for the whole voyage. Economy is the order of the day—I must do as others do, and I ship the foreigner, knowing him to be a liar, his landlord knowing it too, and the custom-house conniving at it, while there are hundreds of young men, sons of our own countrymen, coming down to the wharves and willing to go for nothing. I'd take my share with pleasure, if others would—but they won't, and nothing but a law made and *enforced*, can oblige any one to do it."

"Ay, there's a great deal of truth in what you say," said Mr. S., himself an old shipmaster, "but what would you have Congress do?"

"What would I have them do, sir?" said Captain Coffin; "I'd soon tell them; why, in five minutes; yes, in five minutes, they might confer a lasting benefit on their country; and then, for aught I care, they might have the rest of the session to make speeches and squabble about nothing. Here's the law I'd make—I've had it in my head these twenty years. *Every vessel for every hundred tons shall carry one native born apprentice. That, sir, would make us all equal;*

would soon man our ships with young men of sobriety and some education, instead of the miserable offscourings of the earth; with men who, when we are threatened with war, will have an interest in the flag under which they fight, and will not see it hauled down so long as they can raise an arm in its defence !”

“ Yes, yes,” said Mr. S., “ I have long been sensible, too, that some such law was necessary ; and until there is one, improvement in the character of seamen in our merchant service will be much retarded. It is of little use for one or two ship-owners to furnish examples to others. Economy is a stronger principle with most men than patriotism or benevolence. We must have a law, and one too that shall not be so easily evaded as the present one in regard to protections. However, I’ll furnish one example in this instance, and I rather fancy this lad, too. You can ship him, if you like.”

“ Very well, sir,” replied Captain Coffin, and turning to Nathan, he continued : “ Youngster, you’re fortunate. It’s not every greenhorn gets a berth aboard of an Indiaman with so little trouble as you have done, especially after confounding the Captain and a monkey together, which is not very complimentary to me. As to your wages, they must be small, for you’ll be but an encumbrance for at least the passage out.”

“ Now, Captin’g,” interrupted Nathan, “ you’ve giv’n it back to me ! I’d rather be called a mon-

key than that—I know I'm green, and I thank you for your kindness. I don't want any wages, being that this is the first time, but if I aint riper before I get back, serve me as I did that fellow, and call me anything else but Nathan Smith."

"You shall have wages, my lad, if you behave as well as I trust you will," said Mr. S. "If I have boys at all on board my vessel, I pay them for their work. The ship has not yet discharged her homeward cargo, and will not be ready for sea in less than ten days. You may then join her."

Nathan explained his circumstances in a few words to the kind merchant, asking liberty to come on board at once, and endeavour to make himself useful, assuring him that he would be of no expense, having yet nine shillings left, which would find him in doughnuts and cheese for a fortnight.

This consent was readily given, and he was moreover advised to invest his funds in some other way, for his board would be paid. Highly elated with his success, he was thereupon turned over to the mate, to be formed and fashioned into a sailor.

"Upon my word, you are quite a politician, Captain Coffin," said Mr. S., as they walked up the wharf together.

"Politician, sir!" exclaimed Captain Coffin, "worse and worse: first a monkey is mistaken

for me, and then I'm mistaken for a politician. No, sir, I trust I'm too honest for that! But I should like to speak to those lawyers in Washington once, if I could clap a stopper on their nonsense as neatly as you did upon their Latin up there in the State House; 'Ja smokit tanka,' &c.; that Nor-west Indian quotation did them a deal of good, and I wish I could do them as much in Congress."

"O, we'll send you there yet," replied Mr. S., acknowledging the compliment; "and after you've carried your favourite project, what will you do next?"

"I really don't know," answered he; "there's so much overhauling and repairing to be done, I shouldn't know where to begin. There is the matter of those foolish treaties with the Dutchmen and the Danes and the Swedes, which play mischief with our trade; and then there is an everlasting row about slavery and State rights. They seem to think that we are so far off in the corner, that we are nobody. I wonder if we would be considered nobody if any fighting was to be done? I should like to vote (if I could get a majority it would be done, because a majority, like the Pope, is infallibly right) for a young earthquake that should crack the dirt all round the boundary lines of New England, and shove us off the other side of the Gulf Stream, and then see how the rest of them would work ship without us. Well, sir, these are some of

my politics; I shouldn't have mentioned them if you hadn't asked me."

"They savor a little too much of nullification," said Mr. S., smiling; "however, I think you'll be able to carry that vote, nearly as soon as you will that really good and necessary law in regard to seamen. As to that young man who has been the means of extorting your politics, I hope he may turn out well; and don't forget to let me know how he succeeds."

With this, our worthy friends parted, each on his separate business.

How many poets have written of the ocean, yet how few have done their subject justice! Byron and Pollok, only have approached it. But it is not now our purpose to contemplate it in its magnificence and glory, but rather in the contrast with which it is regarded by the

" ————— luxurious slave,
Whose soul would sicken on the heaving wave."

Where, among ancient or modern poets, is a worthy ode to sea-sickness? André Chenier, who wrote toward the close of the last century, was a Frenchman, and as such, admirably qualified for the task, filled, as we may suppose his stomach to have been, with soup bouilli, frica-sees, ragouts, patés des fois gras, and the hundred entremets which emanate from a French kitchen, and which constitute so great a part of the national glory at the present day. But let

not his ghost arise to haunt me, because of an imperfect translation :

Who can forget the passing over
From Calais 'cross the Straits of Dover !
Prostrate upon the cabin floor
The trav'ller lies with stomach sore,
And utters many groans pathetic
While undergoing his emetic ;
His head is swimming, eyesight is obscured,
He thinks no one the like has e'er endured.
He's like one drunk—beneath the table—
He tries to rise, but is unable ;
The ship's now rolling—now she's jumping—
His liver 'gainst his heart is thumping,
The carpet gets the emptied cargo,
He must discharge, spite of embargo ;
His mind is full of fancies drear—
Shipwrecks he sees—death hov'ring near—
But still by fear he's not opprest :
He looks on death, expecting rest ;
Though dying friends require his care,
Their woes he will no longer share ;
He faintly opes his glassy eye,
And prays that he may likewise die !

Poor Nathan did not exactly wish to die, but he felt, as no one can imagine, unless they have been precisely in his situation, when the "Gentoo," with Boston light twenty miles astern, was pitching into an ugly south-east sea, which still rolled into Massachusetts Bay, although the easterly storm had given place to the fresh norwester, which was fast driving them off the coast. Confused thoughts of Jane Beaton, of the comfortable fireside of the good old 'Squire, even of Uncle Jonas and his aunt, and a half-uttered

wish that he was boiling potatoes for the pigs, flitted through his distempered brain.

The passenger, if sea-sick, can retire to his cabin, throw himself into his berth, and lie on his back till he gets well again. But it was not so with Nathan. None have any sympathy for a youngster that is sea-sick. They forget all about having been so themselves; or if they remember it, it is only to prompt them to play the same jokes on others, which they themselves once had to bear.

"I say, Chips," said an old tar to the carpenter, "don't you want some chalk? 'cause if you do, just knock off a piece from that boy's face."

"Johnny Raw," said another, "does your mother know you are out?"

"Now knock off plaguing the boy, will you?" said one more—"How do you feel, Nathan? can't you take anything that would do you good?"

The soft tone in which this was uttered, cheered his heart, as he exclaimed, "Oh, if you could tell me of any thing!"

"Well, I can," said his sympathizing friend; "just you bend a ropeyarn onto a piece of salt pork, and swallow it; so keep hauling it up and down, till your insides are well swabbed out!"

This was the unkindest cut of all, and did not fail to produce its intended effect.

"Come, come, boy, what are you doing there, looking over the side?" bawled the second mate,

“get a broom and sweep down the quarter deck.”

As Nathan was employed in executing this order, the captain accosted him in a really kind voice. “Well, Smith, my lad ; I know you feel badly, but don’t be discouraged. Remember, if you do your best, I’m your friend, and that’s a good deal on board of a ship ; and Mr. S. is your friend, and that’s a good deal in Boston. Just remember what I say, and keep these two words in your mind—Go ahead !”

What an effect has a word of encouragement from the mouth of one who has the power to give it ! Captain Coffin had, (to use a cant phrase,) “worked his own way up.” He had undergone many buffetings, and had met with little kindness from others : and now, instead of retaliating upon his inferiors, he knew the value of sympathy, by having himself been deprived of it, too well not to bestow it upon those under his command. Still, he used little familiarity with his men. His discipline was strict—even severe. He never unnecessarily over-worked his crew, but never allowed watch and watch—observing that it gave men so much time that they did not set a just value upon the article. But the forenoon watch below was always allowed, and so was the afternoon of Saturday, that there might be no excuse for neglect of cleanliness upon the Sunday. On that day no work not absolutely required by necessity was

done. The Church prayers were read, and books were furnished from the cabin to all who wished to read. Nor did that strict disciplinarian find that his authority was the less respected for this course.

There are a class of men, who imagine that they must always dress their countenances with a frown when speaking to a sailor; and that obedience is more readily ensured if their orders are accompanied with a few oaths, and some spicy blackguardism, illustrations of which would disgrace the press. But one of the most common, most disgraceful to themselves, and annoying to the person addressed, is a curse, coupled with the insinuation that his maternal ancestor was a quadruped. The phrase will be readily called to mind by those who use it, and have heard it used. No wonder a sailor's life is called "a dog's life!" Such officers are generally detested and despised—seldom feared, and never respected. They may occasionally keep up an appearance of discipline by brute force, but work is not done "with a will," and of course is not done so quick or so well.

We would not be understood to say that severity, and sometimes great severity, is never to be used: for there are men so stupid, so brutish, that they cannot be reached by kindness, and to whom irons and the cat must be applied. And this must be the case so long as our merchant service is allowed to consist chiefly of foreigners.

Democracy may perhaps succeed on shore ; but at sea, nothing short of *absolute authority* will preserve order. There is a disposition in juries to think otherwise, and too readily to believe the forged or exaggerated tales of a crew which are incited by a landlord, and dovetailed together by some ingenious scoundrels who disgrace the name of lawyers—men whom I could point out as having become rich, solely by getting up these complaints, and dividing the profits wrung from defendant and plaintiff, with the sailor landlords ! Cases are brought forward by these men, that never would have been dreamed of by the sailors. Men are told what to testify to, by having the desired testimony repeated over to them *verbatim*, till it is committed to memory ; and they are, as far as possible, put on their guard against cross questioning. Now, gentlemen of the jury, just recollect, for I state it, believing it as fully as I do that the sun will rise to-morrow morning, in more than one-half of these cases, the damages you render to the plaintiffs, do not benefit those plaintiffs one dollar, but are the hard-earned wages of a captain or officer, gone to feed the hungry maws of two greedy cormorants—a lawyer and a landlord. And even these are but a small part of their unrighteous gains. A far greater proportion consists of sums their victims are generally willing to pay them outright, to avoid the vexations and expense of lawsuits.

I make no apology to the “gentle reader” for

this digression. If it does not interest him, he is not the reader whose attention I wish to obtain, and he may turn over to the advertising columns and read about Oak Hall or Sands' Sarsaparilla, for aught I care. I don't write for money. I write partly for my own amusement, partly for yours, partly to fill up the spare room in my friend Hawser Martingale's paper, and partly with the hope of pleasing and benefiting that class of men to which I am proud to belong. Nor will it be a waste of ink and paper, if I can point out to them their enemies, and induce them to place confidence in their friends. There are many who imagine themselves to be the sailor's friends, who really do him harm, by giving him a deal of their sympathy for the tyrannical treatment they imagine him to experience at sea. Their sympathy runs ahead of their knowledge.

I was speaking of discipline. Many, from the natural benevolence of their own hearts, think it is too hard ; that too much power is given to the master, and that, at any rate, flogging should be dispensed with by law. Do that, and it is at once the subversion of all order. God forbid that it should be often resorted to, but it must remain in the statute books, that the fear of it may deter from evil. Will not irons do as well in all cases ? No, men do not always feel the disgrace of this punishment ; besides, it cannot be always resorted to, because often the loss of one man

taken off from active duty is seriously felt in a small crew. Moreover, the experiment has been tried in the English merchant service, and the result is known to every nautical man. There is no such thing as good order and discipline on board of their ships, while those of our nation are generally remarked all the world over, for the comparative quietness that exists among the men.

True it is, that the laws favouring good order may be abused, and made an excuse for tyranny, yet we can but think that such cases occur much less frequently than many imagine. If officers would be careful to "order their own conversation aright," they would seldom be called upon to enforce severe penalty, and often no punishment at all.

"Now, Mr. Davenport," continued Captain Coffin, "call all hands aft and divide the watches."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the mate; "lay aft here, every body."

They were accordingly mustered, and after the division had been made, they looked up to the captain, expecting the customary speech.

"I'm not used to preaching long sermons," said he, in a low, but distinct voice. "All is—Do your duty and you'll fare well; but if you don't," he added in a voice of thunder, and struck his brawny fist upon the companion way, "*Remember, I am ABEL COFFIN.*"

Our friend Nathan went forward with the rest.

Various were the opinions expressed in the fore-castle, as to the character of the "Old Man," and various were the plans proposed for getting round him. Nathan had a plan of his own, and it was, to "Go ahead!" It was this that animated him, and though sea-sickness for a time held on, the desponding thoughts which he had begun to indulge, vanished like morning mists before the sunshine—the sunshine of Hope. He resolved to cast no lingering look behind, but to leave all care and regrets astern, as readily as the good ship, aided by the freshening breeze, sunk the dim land in the distance. ✓

In a surprisingly short time his greenness wore off. We will not follow him step by step, for it is enough to say, that before the outward passage was completed, he had not only gone through the elementary branches of making spun-yarn and seanet, but could reef, hand and steer, and cross or send down a royal-yard as quickly, and in as seaman-like manner, as any man in the fore-castle. He received indeed his share of initiation, for his shipmates would play a few pranks upon him; but then they were always ready to show him how to do his work. He never forgot "Go ahead!" ✓

But occasionally when Nathan had the look-out at night, he would pace the topgallant fore-castle, and turn his thoughts towards home. Poor fellow! it had few attractions for him. His parents had died before his recollection, and

there were none whom he could regard as having supplied their care. Still in every heart there is a sacred spot consecrated by nature, and set apart for filial love; and when the memory of parents cannot dwell there, the memory of such as are most dear, must occupy its place. These were to him, the hills, the brooks, the trees, for these were the companions of his childhood. Little as such things would dwell in the minds of those blessed with father and mother, brothers and sisters, they were something more than inanimate objects in the eyes of the orphan. He had delighted to wander among them in the days of his boyhood. To them he had given names, and with them he would sit for hours engaged in childish prattle.

All this came to his recollection, and so he thought of them as of absent friends. But the smile thus brought upon his countenance would be dispelled when he thought of—Jane. He was not one of your sentimental lovers. Yet he had been in love, and though he had tried to persuade himself to the contrary, he was still in love. But little thinking how ardently his affection was returned, from the time he left her father's door, pained beyond endurance by her conduct, he had fancied her the future bride of his rival, and had, therefore, tacitly resigned all his claims. And now he endeavoured to forget her, and by devoting all his energies to his occupation, to drive every reminiscence of her from

his mind. At length he fancied that he had accomplished this, and he began to consider his heart as his own. Ah, Nathan! You did not know it, but there was a line well fast to it, that led all the way to Vermont, and sometimes it would taughthen and fetch such a strain!——

Perhaps it was well that he was so ignorant of himself; for if we may believe concurrent testimony, love is not favourable to diligence in the various pursuits of life. Nay, young ladies, don't frown so. I don't mean all love. I mean the sentimental, sighing, sickening, dying love, that takes possession of the brain to the exclusion of reason and common sense; but then again I don't mean to advocate its exact extreme. "Will you say yes or no? Speak quick, because I'm in a hurry!"

The learned Dr. Buchan classes love among diseases, and Campbell gives us to understand, in his "Pleasures of Hope," that all mankind are inoculated with it in youth. In some patients it takes mildly, and has a good effect on the constitution, while in others it is attended with painful and febrile symptoms. The learned medical author above quoted, clearly conveys this idea, but he neglects some important distinctions. The disease is evidently acute and chronic, sometimes both. The acute, it must be acknowledged, is more common in males, and easily cured, while the chronic prevails more among the female sex, and sometimes proves

fatal. But when a patient is attacked with acute and chronic together, there is the greatest danger, and no *medicine* has yet been found sufficiently powerful to effect a cure. Then there is the inflammatory kind, and lastly the periodical, and that comes on in severe twinges—patient starts convulsively, rolls up his eyes at the stars, puts his hands in his pockets, and then whistles, and so the fit goes off.

That was the way it troubled Nathan. Now, then, “gentle” readers, by which I mean here of course the ladies, I have inserted this episode for you, instead of following the hero of the story, through what, to you, might seem the monotony of a long voyage. Love and poetry for the ladies! You’ve had a dose of the former, and now we’ll consider that Nathan is on his return. Let us imagine him keeping his look-out on a splendid night, off Bermuda, singing—singing what? Come, I’ll find the words if you will find the tune:

Thus lightly o’er the moon-lit sea,
O’er ripples whispering with glee,
Homeward bound, as blithe and gay,
We cheerily pursue our way.

No clouds above th’ horizon lower
To mar the beauty of the hour,
Nature around, beneath, above,
Breathes but the atmosphere of love.

What though the stormy winds may sweep,
And rouse the fury of the deep?
And forked lightnings too may play
Where Cynthia sheds her placid ray?

When Nature frowns we'll humbly bow,
But we'll enjoy her smiling now.
Oh! could we life but thus enjoy,
Nor let our coming ills annoy,

By searching through the future drear
T' anticipate its woes—full near,
Then life were like the ocean's breast,
Though ruffled oft, yet oft at rest!

One day, after an absence of a year, and Nathan was aloft, being sent to loose the main royal, "Take a look round, Smith," said the captain; "see if there is any thing that looks like land."

"Ay, ay, sir;" and in an instant he cried, "Land, ho!"

"Where away?"

"Right ahead, sir."

"Keep her off W. N. W.," said Capt. Coffin to the man at the wheel, for it was the high land of Cape Cod.

As the after yards were squared in, the good ship seemed to participate in the joyful alacrity of her crew. Out went the stun' sail booms, and in a few moments she was "shingled down on fore and main," and spanking away with a quartering easterly wind at the rate of ten knots an hour, for Boston light.

Landsmen, you do not know, you cannot imagine, the thrill of pleasure which the sailor feels, when, after a long absence, he catches the first glimpse of Boston light! It is the subject of conversation and of anticipated joy, during the

whole voyage. Often, when a rising or a setting star appears on the verge of the horizon, comes the exclamation, "Oh, if that was Boston light!" It may be said of it, as the poet said of *home*,

"Through cloud and sunshine, calm and storm,
Across life's devious way,
A light to brighten and to warm
Each dark and cheerless day!"

Onward flew the "Gentoo," and in a little less than three hours, this long-desired sight, Boston light, was greeted by a general shout of joy as it hove up at the distance of fifteen miles. The wind had by this time increased to a gale, the light sails having been taken in and furled soon after they were set. Capt. Coffin well knew that they would serve but for a short time—so suddenly do these snow storms come on in the bay—but he hoped, by straining every nerve, to gain the anchorage before it should come on in its thickness and fury. All he asked now was an hour or two of clear weather—and then let it snow for a month. But the light was just discerned, as already mentioned, and he had scarcely time to get its exact bearing, when the full blast of the gale came upon them, from the eastward, accompanied with rattling hail and blinding snow.

"Tell old Bill to take the helm," said the captain; "and now, Bill, keep her steady for your life!"

"Ay, ay, sir," said the old tar; and taking

a fresh mouthful of the weed, he handled the spokes as composedly as if he was running down the trades.

She was now under double reefs, and sail was soon reduced to two topsails, close reefed. On she flew, with her headway but little diminished. The Captain took his station on the jib-boom end. No noise but that of the whistling gale was heard, fore and aft. All knew what a fearful risk they were running, and all eyes were fixed on the steady old helmsman, in whose hands were their lives. There he stood, unmindful of the storm, which beat upon him; although conscious of the responsibility which was his, he had thrown down his hat, and taken off his jacket. Often, when scudding a ship in a gale, another man will be sent by an officer, or comes voluntarily, to render assistance at the "lee wheel." One such came now. It was Nathan—but he had scarcely touched the wheel, when old Bill, without turning his eyes from the compass, shoved him with one arm to leeward, saying,—“Well meant, my lad; but this is no time for boy’s play—out of my way.”

“Look in the binnacle, one of you, and see what time it is,” cried the captain, from his place of look-out.

The word was passed aft, and our hero, having just had his services refused by Bill, cast his eye upon the time-piece, and ran forward to communicate the information. “It lacks five

minutes of ten, sir," he shouted from the night-heads.

"Come out here, Nathan," answered the captain; "what time did you say it was?"

"He repeated his answer, and was about to return inboard, when he was told to remain. "What, my lad, can't you keep a look-out as well as the 'old man?' "

"I should have been glad to, long ago, sir, only I was afraid of interfering."

"Very well," replied the captain; "don't be afraid of that any longer, but stay here with me, and keep your eyes open. We are not up with the light yet, by eight miles—but a good look-out is never amiss. Mr. Davenport!"

"Sir!"

"Put the close reef in the mizen topsail, and reef both the courses. Then roll up the sails, and let them hang by the bunt gaskets, with one man aloft to each, ready to drop at the word. Then station all the rest at tacks, sheets and braces, on both sides."

The mate sought no explanation of this order, but answered with a cheerful "Ay, ay, sir;" and the work was soon accomplished—the men at stations, and silence again reigned, fore and aft.

The captain kept his place, unmoved, and Nathan tried to pierce the gloom of night, but could see scarcely the ship's length, except at rare intervals, when there would be a short respite to the thickness of the air.

"Do you see any thing, Nathan?" asked Captain Coffin, observing that the lad was looking earnestly on the starboard bow, where his eyes were also intently fixed.

"Yes, sir, I think I do—there!" answered he, pointing with his finger in the direction where a dark object was now rapidly becoming visible—"Yes, sir, it's a sail!"

"Yes," replied the captain, "and a pilot boat, or I'm much mistaken—On deck there! Mr. Davenport!"

"Sir!"

"If that boat hails, make no reply!"

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the officer, still not questioning his superior's order. He knew not the reason why he had been called upon to execute the former ones, and he now wondered in his own mind at the singularity of the last. Not take a pilot, when, if ever, a pilot seemed needed? Strange, indeed!—but he knew how to keep his thoughts to himself, for he was well practised in his duty. In another moment a hail came on the blast, all of which that could be heard was—"pilot!"—but, unmindful of it, the ship flew on, and in an instant the little boat was shrouded in darkness astern.

The reason of the order in regard to the sails will soon explain itself; but the pilot was thus refused command, because the captain knew that the boat must have been lying to, and drifting probably so long, that his knowledge of the bearing

light was not equal to his own, for he had run directly for it since first seen, and its present bearing would be made more uncertain by the loss of time and the evolution of rounding to, in order to receive the pilot on board. Still it was a fearful responsibility to take, for should the ship be lost, every one would blame him for having refused a pilot.

He pressed his hand upon his forehead for a moment, with an intensity of feeling that no reader who has not been placed in circumstances somewhat similar, can imagine—"You've good eyes, my lad," he said, "to have seen that boat before I did—keep them wide open—in at least half an hour we'll see the light, or if the tide has played us a trick, feel the Graves, or be on Nantasket beach!"

"Oh, no, sir," answered Nathan, emboldened by his superior's slight familiarity, "we shall get in safe, I'm confident!"

"Confident!" replied the Captain, "the young are always confident—but why are you so now?"

"I trust in God, sir!"

The Captain grasped his hand, and said, "'Tis a good motto, boy—better than the one I gave you, when we left home, and which you have nobly adhered to.—Yes, trust in God! whoever can do that on such a stormy night as this, may safely trust him for deliverance in every storm of life—ay, and in the darkness of the night of death!"

Now came the time of hazard. If not affected by the tide, the light when seen again should appear directly ahead. Often, when the snow falls thick as at this time, it is not visible till the revolving flash is thrown upon a vessel's deck. The captain still maintained his place, but Nathan had crawled out to the end of the flying jib-boom, and was gazing earnestly around on both bows.

"Light, ho!" shouted Nathan; "I see it, sir, broad on the weather bow!"

"Down helm!" cried the captain, jumping in on deck. "Let fall, aloft there! Brace up sharp, and sheet home! Down tacks and aft sheets!"

Had the "Gentoo" been manned as scantily as many vessels are, these orders could not have been promptly executed, and she would have been a wreck upon Nantasket beach, and the lives of the crew would have been sacrificed to the cupidity of her owners—but she was well manned and well disciplined. Every man knew his place, and the orders were in execution as soon as uttered. But on the instant she began to come to the wind, a fearful rumbling sound was heard under the main chains, which had the effect of momentarily paralyzing all exertion.

"Oh, she's ashore!" exclaimed one whose fright fairly overcame him.

"Take that for your information!" roared the stentorian voice of Abel Coffin—and as his fist,

with the power of a sledge hammer, sent him rolling into the lee scuppers, he added, "Obey your orders, every man of you!"

At that moment she felt the full force of her courses—sails which no common circumstances would have justified, being given to a ship in such a gale—and as this additional press of canvass laid her almost on her beam ends, her draft of water was lessened and she crawled off from the shelving beach. "Keep her close at it, Bill," said the captain in his usual tone. "How does she head, now?"

"N. by E., sir."

"There's the light about three points under our lee, sir," said Mr. Davenport.

"Ay, then it bears N. N. W., we've come inside of the Hardings, and now must weather the shoal off Point Alderton. Watch the light by the compass, and let me know when it bears N. W. Keep her close at it, Bill!"

"Close at it, sir!"

"Stand by the after braces."

"The light bears N. W., sir," said the mate, in a few moments.

"Square the main yard, and haul up the main-sail!—Keep her right for the light!"

"Keep her for the light, sir," responded Bill.

In a few moments the ship had approached so near the light, that she was exactly in mid-channel, and her course was again altered.

"Lay the yards square! keep her W. by S.

half S., haul up the foresail, and stand by to clew up the topsails. Is your anchor all clear, Mr. Davenport?"

"All clear, sir!"

The ship once more flew on as it were through a sea of milk, for the breakers on every side were combing and hissing around her—but in a few moments these gave place to smooth water, while the intervening land hushed the loud roar of the blast, and the noble ship, so late the sport of the elements, rode quietly at her anchor—the conqueror of her foes!

A day or two after the arrival of the "Gentoo," the crew were assembled, according to custom, in the counting-room of Mr. S——, to be paid off. Their accounts were all made out, and on the paper of each one, was placed the exact amount of money due him. Outside the door stood their kind friends, the landlords—for they were not allowed to enter there, nor to receive the wages from orders signed by sailors, and signed often too in a drunken fit. But they were all ready the moment each man came out, to handle his cash and *take care of it for him!* And they do *take care of it*, so that it is but little the sailor ever sees of it again.

Let me ask, not of sailors, (for full well do they know, and yet they seem unable to awake from their infatuation,) but of people on shore, have you any idea of the system of robbery that is carried on by these land-sharks? Often, *gene-*

rally, seamen who have been absent twelve or eighteen months, and those who have been paid off from a three years' cruise in a man-o'-war to the amount of three or four hundred dollars, go to sea again in a fortnight so much in debt to these landlords who have "*kept their money*" for them, that they are obliged to pay them their two months' advance! Were examples wanting, I could pile them up to the main-top. One is enough just now.

Three years ago a ship arrived from India, having been absent eighteen months. Some three weeks afterwards I was about to sail on a foreign trading voyage of uncertain duration, of from ten months to two years. The captain of the ship lately arrived, recommended his cook to me, and I accordingly shipped him. We were to sail on the morning of Saturday, and on Friday evening, the cook, intoxicated, was brought down by his landlord and another negro, with his bed and chest in a handcart. I ordered the cook and his "dunnage" to be passed on board, and put below.

"Stop minute, sir," said the landlord, "jus you put your name on dis paper first." Thus it read :

"Captain and owners ship ——— Please pay to the order of ———, all the wages that may be due me on the arrival of the ———, at port of discharge in the United States.—Value received.

his

Signed,

Henry ✕ Jenkins.
mark.

There! The scoundrel had received all his wages for eighteen months in the last ship, \$14 per month, and would have, if I accepted that order, a claim for all he might earn for two years at the same rate. "Value received!" and what was that, for all this money earned, and to be earned by his hard toil? Three weeks' lodging in this landlord's house, during which he was so continually drunk, that he told me afterwards, he could scarce remember having been in Boston, much less putting his mark to that iniquitous paper. I will add, that the landlord was so conscious of his ill deserts, that when I tore the paper and threw it in his face, with a threat of immediate prosecution, he passed up Central wharf somewhat more rapidly than usual, leaving his assistant to follow at leisure with the handcart. The cook's chest contained—two shirts and a pair of duck trowsers!

As each man of the "Gentoo's" crew was paid, his name was checked on the articles, and he signed a receipt for the amount.

"Nathan Smith," called the clerk. No reply.

"Where's Smith?" asked the captain.

"I believe he is on board the ship, sir," said one of the men; "I saw him there as we came down the wharf."

"Go and call him."

In a few moments our hero made his appearance in the counting room—not the green lad that a year before knew no difference between

a ship and a schooner—but so much improved that Mr. S—— did not recognise him till the captain pointed him out.

“Ah, young man,” said he, “I’m glad—very glad—to hear so good an account of you from Captain Coffin. Why didn’t you come up with the rest to get your pay?”

“I didn’t ship for any wages, sir, on the articles; and though you were kind enough to say I should have wages if I earned them, I didn’t like to claim any, for you and the captain have been kind enough to me already.”

“Nonsense, my lad, nonsense; there’s your money,” replied Mr. S., pointing to a roll of bank bills. “You have the highest ordinary’s wages, eleven dollars a month; there’s your account for twelve months and a half, \$137 50; less, hospital money, \$2 50; balance, \$135—sign your name.”

Nathan was utterly astonished. “Are you in earnest, sir?” he said, looking first at Mr. S., and then at the captain.

“To be sure I am,” said Mr. S., smiling at the question.

“Well, sir, can I go in the ship again?”

“You shall go in her till you get the command of her, or of one as good, if you continue to improve and conduct well!”

Overwhelmed with gratitude, Nathan could scarce contain his feelings. He took up \$35 of his money in order to supply himself with clothes, and begged Mr. S. to retain the remainder.

“Open an account with Nathan Smith, Mr. Thompson,” said he to his book-keeper, “and pass \$100 to his credit. Now who comes next?”

Nathan opened the door and passed down the stairs, declining the politeness of many kind friends who were willing to keep his money for him, nor did he stop until, in the fore-castle of the “Gentoo,” he could give loose to the gratitude of the heart.

We have, for the present, done with our hero. He is on the high road to promotion, for the word of Mr. S. is his bond.

And now, reader, if you please, we'll take a trip into the country. It's very pleasant to do so after a long voyage; to ramble in the fields, and scent the flowers and new-mown grass. Sailors take a pleasure in such enjoyments, that those to whom they are every-day familiarities, do not appreciate. But we cannot stop thus to luxuriate just now. Besides, it is too late in the season. We must transfer ourselves to Vermont, and recollect that it is the middle of October, 1838. Old 'Squire Beaton was sitting in his arm chair—good Mrs. Beaton at her usual employment of knitting—and do you expect me to say that another chair is occupied by the blooming Jane? Then you are disappointed.—She is too ill to remain so long below, and has retired. The other chair is occupied by the doctor, who is just now speaking.

"I should be sorry to alarm you, sir, but Miss Beaton seems no better, and every year she seems to grow more ill. She appears to have decided symptoms of melancholy, a disease which, when once it takes hold of the mind, is sure to affect the whole system."

Poor Mrs. Beaton began to cry, but the old 'Squire replied calmly, "God's will be done! I fear you are correct, doctor. If any thing could be done for her, I'd sacrifice my own life cheerfully."

"Well, sir," replied the physician, "something may yet be done."

"What is it?" said the 'Squire, with a tone of doubt, while the mother caught at the idea of there yet being hope, with the fond enthusiasm of maternal love.

"Oh, what is it, dear sir; do mention it!" said she.

"A change of scene—a sea voyage," replied the doctor, "is often successful in such cases, and it might benefit her."

The old man sat a moment lost in thought, when he suddenly rose from his chair, and seeking his daughter's bed-room, communicated to her the advice of the physician. "Would you like to try it, Jane?" he said. "I will accompany you myself."

A light of something like hope dawned on the countenance of the invalid, as she cheerfully assented, and seemed rejoiced at the proposal. The

old man knew her heart—he knew that hope is every thing, and he knew that the hope of finding what she had lost, however vain it might be, would take the place of despair, now rapidly undermining her constitution, and would bring back the glow of health upon her cheeks.

His neighbours were astonished at the thought of an old man like him being about to “tempt the briny deep.” All allowed that it might be a good thing for Miss Jane, “who, somehow or other,” as they expressed it, “had been going down to heel for some time,” although they thought she had better marry Mr. Saunders, who had been so very “attentive,” and then “family cares would occupy her mind, and she’d be better.” Everybody had their advice to give.

Uncle Jonas was very much opposed to the whole plan, remarking: “I calculate the sea aint safe; there’s that are nephew o’ mine, Nathan, was never heard on; to be sure he was a kind o’ fool, and it wa’s nat’ral that he’d be drowned; but I don’t think the ocean was ever made to go to sea on. It’s only for whales and such like fishes as are too big to swim in a mill pond. I look upon it, ’Squire, as an awful tempting of Providence.”

Poor Mrs. Beaton yielded a reluctant assent, willing, however, to be deprived, for a time, of husband and child, if, by such a sacrifice, there could be a hope of her daughter’s recovery. So,

notwithstanding the "unpopularity" of the measure, and the awful warnings of Uncle Jonas, a few days afterwards the stage coach was seen standing at the door of 'Squire Beaton, and after an extra quantity of luggage was piled upon it, the old man and his daughter, receiving a parting salute of moans and portentous shaking of heads from the gathered neighbourhood, stepped in, and were rolled off in the direction of Boston.

Having arrived in the city, and located himself in one of the best hotels, it was the old 'Squire's first business to call for a newspaper, and peruse the advertising columns. "Look, Jane, dear!" cried he, delighted, "here are never so many vessels advertised for Charleston, Savannah, New Orleans, Havana—all of them such splendid accommodations—only think! Elegantly fitted up for passengers—superior fast sailing vessels too—regular packets. 'A. 1'—wonder what that stands for!" The old man might well have wondered what all the other lies stand for. Many of these "A. 1, superior, fast sailing, copper and copper fastened packet ships, with splendid accommodations," being no more or no less than old tubs, with pine cabins, delightfully scented with bilge water, and open berths two on a side, and 'fast sailing,' a mistake for 'strong sailing.' There is a great deal of humbug in the world, reader; don't you think so?

"Now, Jane," said the 'Squire, "where shall we go?"

"Any where you please, my dear father."

"No, you shall choose between Charleston, Havana, and New Orleans."

After mature deliberation, and a consultation, in which the landlord and landlady were included, Havana was decided to be most promising for the recovery of the invalid. The landlord introduced the 'Squire, to a gentleman who boarded at his house, and who was engaged in commerce, and who kindly undertook to look out for a suitable vessel, and to engage the passages.

In the mean time, our friends passed the time very agreeably in viewing the city, and visiting all the lions. They might have seen, had they travelled, many places more populous and more splendid, but neither they, nor you, nor I, ever yet saw one more deservedly famous for its good order, refinement, education, benevolence, and religion, than this same good city of Boston. And there are few of the cities, in the four quarters of the globe, that some of us have not visited. Long may she retain her reputation, long will she, if the hearts of her citizens are stamped with the motto of her civic crest: "*Sicut patribus sit Deus nobis.*" The cockney prides himself upon having been born within the sound of the "Bow bells." We pride ourselves upon having been born within the sound of the bells

that rung the first peal to the cause of freedom in the New World. Firm has she thus far stood to her sacred principles, amid all the jacobinism and ultra democracy, that in other places have threatened the fair fabric of our constitution—and in after ages, pilgrims will flock to her shrine, and hail her distant spires as those of the Holy City of Liberty! Reader, if you are not a Yankee, some excuse for this may be thought necessary; but, if you are, none, I am sure, is needed.

The many varieties and novelties presented to her view, had, already, a good effect upon the health of Jane Beaton; but only temporarily, for her complaint was Love, chronic Love. Therefore, her father was glad to change the scene, and to embark, in a week, with her on board the E. W. Capen, for Havana, which ship was now ready for sea, and waiting but for her passengers, of whom our friends constituted all.

In nothing is there greater improvement, or perhaps change, than is continually going on in ship-building. The great object of all this, is to combine fast sailing with good carrying, the latter being the great *desideratum*, to which the other is, if possible, made subservient. There is, too, more finish and smoothness than formerly; and after all, this, with great carrying, is the principal improvement. For, at the risk of being called an ignoramus, we must be allowed to express an opinion, that there is no improve-

ment upon the fast sailing, and real beauty of former times. The latter is set totally at defiance.

Instead of the former beautiful symmetry of spars and hull, so gratifying to the seaman's eye, barks (ugly, half formed things !) are the order of the day—the sticks of a three hundred ton ship are stuck into one of five hundred, and the decks, instead of exhibiting the clear and flush appearance of former days, so convenient for working ship, are now cluttered up with so many houses and blocks of buildings, that one can scarcely find his way fore and aft, without a directory !

And this *may* be improvement—perhaps it is. It is quite amusing to see the newspaper descriptions of every new ship that comes down from Medford. The news collector is shown all over the decks by the polite owner or master, and the next morning out comes a flaming description of the dimensions—and then he begins aft at the round house, describes the cabin house or passenger house, or whatever 'tis called—then the house for the mates, over the booby hatch—then the sailor house where the long boat ought to be—then the cook's and steward's sleeping apartment, connected with the galley forward of it—then the pig house and cow house, and one or two more buildings, till he gets among the paint lockers under the topgallant forecastle—then he threads his way aft again to the pas-

senger house, tastes the steward's champaign and walks up the wharf, inditing an article in which the vessel is styled the "ne plus ultra of naval architecture," which high character she will maintain until the next one is offered for the critic's inspection.

These sort of vessels are regular eye-sores—besides, they must be losers in the long run, being crank, requiring more ballast, and less able to carry full cargoes; in addition, being at all times unhandy and inconvenient.

The E. W. Capen, in which the 'Squire embarked, was a vessel of this description; however, it was all the same to him. He and his daughter were accommodated with the best state rooms in the house; that is, in commodious closets, six feet by four, and being blessed with contented dispositions, they resolved to be, and they were, very comfortable. The E. W. Capen was loaded principally with lumber, shooxed boxes, &c., so that she was apparently in very good trim. Every thing seemed favourable for a speedy passage, and the old man entertained the fond hope that by being soon wafted into more genial climes, the health of his beloved child might speedily be reinstated.

But the ship was scarcely clear of the harbour, when that detestable fiend, sea-sickness, came to annoy them. Often this is beneficial, rather than otherwise, but to those already very ill, its attack is frequently attended with injury,

and in some instances has proved fatal. Thus with Jane; so long oppressed with ill health and saddened spirits, it proved more than could be endured, and entirely overcome by it, she sank into her berth with the weakness of a child, despairing ever to rise from it again.

Her poor father forgot his own feelings in tender compassion for hers. Despair now was taking possession of him likewise, and complete misery seemed to be their portion. Day after day continued the strong southwest gales, during which time, the ship being very crank, could carry scarcely any sail, but still continued her unceasing and uneasy motion. At length, having crossed the gulf, the weather became more steady, and the ship more easy. The old man felt better, and would now crawl out upon deck occasionally; still it afforded him no relief, for thoughts of his darling daughter's sad condition, were worse to him than all the pangs of mortal disease. The captain tried to cheer them, but in vain. The weather became milder, for there was now scarcely any wind, and so day after day passed on.

At length a breeze sprang up from the westward. Anxious to improve it, the captain, unmindful of the crankness of his vessel, crowded all sail; and although she careened fearfully to the breeze, he carried on long without danger, and he began to imagine that she had inclined to her bearings, and that the masts would go

out of her before she would go over any farther. But it was a fatal mistake—a mistake too often committed.

The sky was dark—for it was night, and thick clouds hid the light of the stars. Prudence would have dictated care at that season, but anxiety to reach his port overcame every other consideration, and still though the wind was increasing, the E. W. Capen dragged along under her topgallant sails, when suddenly a heavy squall unexpectedly struck her, and in an instant *she was upon her beam ends!*

“Ha-ard up your helm!” shouted the captain—“Let go topgallant halyards! let go every thing! clew up!” orders that would have ensured safety a moment before, but orders that were now, and forever, too late!

The halyards and sheets which led to leeward could not now be reached—but every rope that could be reached was, in the consternation of the moment, cut or let go—but the yards of course would not now come down. It was in vain to jam the helm hard-a-weather—its action was now of no use in the present position of the vessel. Worse than all, discipline was gone—every man ran shouting “we are lost!” and all cried for mercy from Heaven, while no one would exert themselves. Some were lost in the sea—and after the captain’s startling orders were heard, no mortal ever heard his voice again.

"Where is the axe?" was now the cry—but no axe was to be found.

"Cut! cut with your knives!" shouted some one—and at length the first means were used that reason dictated in their helpless condition—the lanyards of the topmast backstays were severed; but procrastination, what hast thou not to answer for! The topmasts indeed went over the side—but too late—for the water had been pouring down the hatches all this time, and the cargo had shifted. It was of no use—still the water poured in!

Now reason, reflection, order, everything was gone. A moment's thought would have convinced the infatuated crew that the vessel could not immediately sink, and that their best chance of safety was to remain by her. But none thought of this.

"The boat! the boat!" was now the cry, and the only boat they had was got into the water.

Thinking only of self-preservation, all the remaining crew leaped into her, and were about to shove off, when one exclaimed, "The old man and his daughter!"

Although deprived almost of reason by cowardly fear, they were not wholly lost to the voice of humanity—"Stop for them!" cried several; "pass them into the boat; bear a hand!"

One or two rushed into the house. The astonished and terrified passengers were clinging to the weather berths—"Come! come!" cried

the men, "there is no time to waste—into the boat!"

But they were regarded with a look of vacant astonishment. One of the sailors put his hand upon the old man's arm, saying as he endeavoured to pull him away, "Come, sir, do bear a hand!"

Then the 'Squire found his voice—"Oh! do not tear me away from my daughter!"

"She shall go to!" said another, trying gently to disengage her from the berth.

"No, no," cried the unhappy girl—"leave me—but take my father!"

The cries of those in the boat were now long and loud, threatening to leave them all, if they did not hasten. The sailors endeavoured once more to drag the wretched passengers from the cabin, but they resisted their efforts with preternatural strength, till at last fearing that their shipmates would put their threats in execution, they unwillingly left them to their fate—and, miserable fools! they shoved off without compass, bread or water, in a little skiff, soon to become the prey of famine or the storm!

A week after the events transpired which we have just related, a homeward bound Indiaman was slashing along under a press of canvass to the north-westward. Every thing about her bespoke the presence of discipline and of seamanship; the neat cut, set, and trim of her sails—well

tarred and rattlined rigging—taut ropes—cleanliness and order throughout, showed that she was handled by some one who well understood his profession.

“A fine breeze, Mr. Thompson!” said the young captain to the supercargo, as eight bells at noon were struck—“and here we are in lat. 31, and well to the westward too; seventy-eight days from the Sand Heads! Rather fortunate for my first command, now, is it not? Well, Mr. Thompson, I hope your first supercargoship will yield more returns than book-keeping; and as for our good owner, God bless him! Mr. Churchill, the wind is getting a little free; take a pull of your weather braces, sir, and give her the fore topmast stun’ sail;” and the captain paced the quarter deck in a very contented mood.

In a few minutes the man who had gone aloft to reeve the stun’ sail halyards, sung out—“Sa-il ho!”

“Whereaway?”

“Hereaway, sir,” answered the man; “dead to windward. She looks like a wreck, sir!”

“Give me the glass, steward!” and in an instant the Captain was in the maintopmast cross-trees, eagerly followed by Mr. Thompson; and before the latter had sufficiently recovered his breath from the exertion of climbing, the captain had taken a survey of the wreck, and sat silently in a seeming fit of abstraction.

Mr. Thompson took the glass, and after a good look at her, said, "Yes, she's dismasted; what are you thinking about, captain?"

"Why, my dear fellow, just this—there's a craft dismasted and water-logged, but I don't see any signals of distress; and I have not the least idea that there is any body on board. If she was a little under our lee, now, I would not mind running down to have a clearer look at her; I don't like to lose this fair wind by beating about to windward for no purpose—but there may be—it's hardly possible—still there *may* be somebody alive on board. I cannot pass on without a nearer look. Never mind that stun' sail, Mr. Churchill; brace her up sharp. Keep her full and by!"

The "Vermont" (for such was the name of the Calcutta trader, and a fine new ship she was) seemed to spring to her master's orders, as standing stiffly up under her topgallant sails and throwing the spray over her bows, she dashed along like a race-horse, and soon had the wreck upon her weather quarter.

"Ready about! Stations for stays!" was now the order.

"Hard-a-lee;" and in a moment the beautiful fabric swooped up to the wind.

"Tacks and sheets!" and as the weather leeches of the sails caught aback, "Mainsail haul!"

The after yards swung themselves round—

the slack of the braces was gathered in—main-tack down and sheet aft, and as the after sails were beginning to fill, a strong and powerful drag brought round the head yards. In a moment more every thing was trimmed on the star-board tack, the beautiful curve of her wake now under the lee, showing that during the evolution, she had been walking to windward, and now she sped on, on a course that would weather the object of her search. Oh, give me a lively ship and a lively crew !

Now rapidly she neared the wreck—she could be distinguished from deck—soon the hull could be seen, but there was no sign of life on board of her. Sluggishly she rose and fell in the trough of the sea, wallowing like one of its huge monsters, dead. Now they approached nearer, so that the swash of her broken spars could be heard as the sea rolled between them and the deserted hull. Other than this, the silence of death reigned throughout.

A wreck is a sad object for the eye of a sailor to rest upon. It is to him a glorious thing that once had life—but now, shorn of all her pride and beauty, has become the prize of death ! “ Ah well, Thompson,” said the Captain, “ the crew have all perished or been taken off—let us hope the latter—and we have lost our time ; but there, —I won’t have lost it all for nothing. Since we are here, I’ll go aboard and see if I can find out

what she was. Back the mainyard and lower away the starboard quarter boat !”

In a few moments he was alongside, and with one or two of the crew had stepped upon the deck, now washed by every sea, for she was completely water-logged, and had partly righted. He viewed for a moment the havoc that was made, and satisfied himself, from the appearances, that the masts had been cut away by the crew ere they had left her ; and while some of the men were exploring the other houses forward, he walked aft and pushed aside the half-opened door of the passenger house. And oh, what a sight met his gaze ! He stood spell-bound by the scene.

The door of one of the state rooms was open, and his presence was unperceived and unheeded by its occupants. They were an apparently dying girl and a feeble old man, scarcely able to support himself, but whose arms sustained his child. “Yes, dearest,” he said, “I fear that we must die ! Oh, that I had one drop of water to moisten those parched lips !”

“No, dear father, no ; you will not die—you must not die. Oh, what will become of mother ?—but for me, I know I cannot live long. When you see her again, kiss her for me—dear father—will you, father ? And if you ever see Nathan again, tell him I never forgot him—no, never !”

“Nor has he forgotten you !” exclaimed Nathan, whose astonishment and emotion had not

till now permitted him to move from where he first discovered the distressing sight. "Do you not know me, Jane?" he said, rushing forward and raising her from her father's arms?

A smile of recognition gleamed upon her pale features, and her head fell upon his bosom.

He grasped the hand of the old man. "Tell me," he asked, "oh tell me, how came you here?—but I forget;" and he ran upon deck. "Back to the ship, men," he cried, "for God's sake, quick, and bring some water here!"

They jumped into the boat and sprang to their oars as if pulling for their own lives. As he stood over the almost insensible sufferers, the minutes they were absent, seemed hours. At length they returned; a small draught of water was administered to each, and they revived. Hope already once more beamed in the eyes of the daughter, while the father, scarce comprehending how he was rescued from death, began to explain the cause of their present situation.

"Say nothing now, dear sir," said Nathan, "say nothing. When we are on board of my ship, we'll have plenty of time. Now we must remove you there."

The transfer was soon made, and in a half hour they were domesticated in Captain Smith's cabin, where it is quite unnecessary to say, that every attention that humanity or love could devise, was rendered to them. The boat was

hoisted up—the ship wore round—the weather braces again checked in, foretopmost stun' sail set, and every rope yarn had a strain as the "Vermont" spanked away at her fullest speed, northwest by north.

As has been once before said, "how pleasant it is to go into the country after a long voyage!" Come, reader, let us go there once more. It was Thanksgiving day in Vermont, the Thanksgiving of 1844; and the scene was in our favourite spot, old Squire Beaton's parlor.

The roast turkey had gone the way of all flesh, the plumb-pudding was demolished, minced and pumpkin pies had disappeared, nuts and raisins too were gone. In short, the ceremony and feeling of a Thanksgiving day's dinner were over, but the cheerful hilarity remained; and though the rosy wine might have been wanting, the happy faces that gathered that evening around the old 'Squire's fireside, were beaming with gratitude to the Giver of all their mercies, and with calm contentment with their happy lot. Uncle Jonas and his wife, even they, felt the softening influence of domestic happiness, where they were invited guests. The old 'Squire occupied his arm chair, yet a hale old man. Mrs. Beaton sat in her rocking chair in the opposite corner, watching the gambols of her two grandchildren, upon the carpet. If the reader recol-

lects, there was once a pause in that room before : so there was now, till it was interrupted by a little boy running to his father with a childish complaint, "Papa, Jane's been laughing at me!"

"Never mind, my son," replied Captain Smith, "you're not the first Nathan that Jane or other people have laughed at!"

The Squire smiled. Old Mrs. Beaton told little Jane she musn't be naughty. Uncle Jonas and his wife looked in each other's faces, and Mrs. Smith stirred the fire.

I give you joy, my friends; here ends the story of Nathan Smith. Two of the characters of this story, at least, are not fictitious. Captain Coffin died a few years ago at St. Helena, on his passage from Sumatra. A few months since, I stood by the grave that once held the remains of Napoleon—there never was an inscription upon it—there was none needed; every one who saw it, knew what it should be, "The Conqueror." I stood also over the grave of Abel Coffin. There is no inscription there, but those who knew him, know what it should be,

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Which of the two epitaphs would we all prefer?"

Mr. S. still lives; long may he live! one of Boston's first merchants, one of her most benevolent citizens—and last, but not least, THE SAILOR'S FRIEND.

NOTE.—This tale, as already hinted, is founded upon fact; and those manœuvres, which have been reviewed by a certain writer, in a style that indicated that some personal offence had been given him by the author, (of which he is, however, unconscious,) were such as have actually occurred.

For the alleged grammatical error in the use of the word *that*, in the title, if wrong, I am happy to be so in such company as that of Shakspeare and of Addison.

I have used the name of Mr. S., in connection with the “Gentoo.” Captain Coffin sailed many years for Mr. Sturgis, but when he commanded the “Gentoo,” he was in the employ of Mr. Bacon. So, if you please, you may read it as it is, or for Mr. S—, read Mr. B—: what praise belongs to one, belongs also to the other.

CAPTAIN DODGE.

WITHIN the walls of the old Spanish city of Manila—you may imagine the year of our Lord to be 1600, or thereabouts—many of its present churches and private buildings were erected in that century; and the manners and customs of the inhabitants have undergone as little change as the dwellings of their ancestors. But however dismal and gloomy appear the narrow streets and alleys—*uentra muros*—when once emerged into the beautiful suburbs, the scene changes: there seems to be another race of beings dwelling there. The Spaniards are alive, so far as they are capable of being so, for breathing is somewhat of an exertion to them. But outside of the walls you see more of the natives—happy, joyous creatures that they are—no cares have they beyond the present hour. Nature spontaneously produces enough to supply their wants. They have, apparently, nothing to do but live, love, and be happy. Then, O, the women! O dear—well,

that's none of your business, nor of mine, at present.

The Calçada, or promenade ground, about the city, is magnificent; and if you wish to see the stately Dons and lovely Señoritas, go out there of an evening, and you will see all the fashion of Manila: and then how impressive is the silence when tolls the vesper bell! The carriages, that were racing at full tilt, the galloping horses, the running and laughing populace—every body, every thing, is still on the instant—all heads are uncovered, all eyes cast downward, and the spirit of devotion rests upon the motionless throng! Call it superstition, or papacy, or what not—to my mind, it is the most interesting spectacle in the world.

Don Bernardo Antlemann (*requiescat in pace!* Every body that's been to Manila remembers Don Bernardo) kept the hotel where lodged most of the strangers from Europe and America. His house was, at the time of which we speak, full of Yankees. As many of them will but too well remember, they were all perfectly mad, in 1837, for sugar and hemp, and there were to be seen lying in the roads, a larger number of American vessels than were ever assembled there before. Pull about the harbour, and you would see Boston, or New York, or Salem, on almost every stern; and among others, the "Jared Spriggins," of Portland, lay waiting cargo, whose master and supercargo were generally to

be found on board, though business compelled him against his will, sometimes, to take his lodgings with Don Bernardo. Captain Dodge looked upon this drain from his pocket as a hardship, calling loudly for his Christian resignation, and accordingly economized in other ways to counterbalance it. A real seemed to him somewhat larger than does a dollar to common eyesight, for the chief and indeed only object of his life had been to get what he could, and keep what he had got. His dress testified strongly to his economy; and this, with other peculiarities, made Captain Enoch Dodge the butt of and laughing-stock of all hands. —

La Senora Valdaria was one of the most beautiful and fascinating of her sex. Such small, delicate features; long and luxuriant raven tresses; dark and expressive eyes, that seemed to float in a sea of delight; coral lips, whence flowed a voice whose soft and warbling notes might hush the nightingale; and, above all, a form moulded with nature's choicest care.— Such was the lady who, in the absence of her spouse in the country, was to be seen at evening on the Calçada, alone in her carriage, which was continually escorted and its fair occupant saluted by all the young cabelleros who had the happiness to claim her acquaintance. Such was the lady who sent the arrow of love from the quiver of her charms, and lodged it in

the heart of Captain Enoch Dodge, of the bark Jared Spriggins, of Portland.

Enoch disdained the much-admired cheroot, and was smoking his long nine and whittling a stick, when the Senora's carriage passed. Whether it was some gay caballero who happened to be in the same range with Enoch, or whether it was some passing thought in her mind, I know not; but she sweetly smiled, and her eyes at the same instant met his gaze.

The consequence was like the contact of fire with a roll of brimstone. Dodge was all in a blaze—done—gone—melted!—yes, in love! “The young miss noticed me,” thought he; “I don’t wonder she’s sick of them whiskered chaps frisking round her.” The thought produced such an unearthly whistle, that the Senora looked round to see if a wheel had come off, and the horses started off at full trot. “O, crackee! she’s looking arter me!” exclaimed our gallant friend, giving chase at the idea. It was no easy matter to overtake the carriage. Enoch ran—his hat fell off—he couldn’t stop for that, but still he ran as if for dear life—his long nine in his mouth, and knife and stick in either hand. Every body supposed he was running on a wager against time, and encouraged him with shouts of “Bravo, bravo! que corridor!” but all in vain; though his legs were long, his breath became short, and he was unable to

keep his chase in sight after it entered the gate, and passed into the streets of the city.

"I say, Señor," said the panting and exhausted skipper, to a gentleman he encountered, "Que—que—carriage es este que just pasado into yonder gate?" Fortunately the gentleman understood English, and gave his interrogator the information that his compound lingo never would otherwise have elicited.

"The Señor Valdaria's, sir."

"Well, wherebout's the house?"

"In the Calle San Ignacio, if it will be any pleasure for you to know."

"Well, it is a mighty sight; much obleged."

Animated by the information he had received, Capt. Dodge wore ship and stood for his hat, which he happily found in the gutter by the road side. Wiping off the mud, and clapping it on his head, he re-lighted his long nine from a friendly passing fire, and shaped his course for the hotel, enlivening his march by whistling Yankee Doodle, puffing his cigar, throwing stones at the dogs, and holding sweet converse with his own mind. "She is a picter, no mistake! Lord, how she looked at me, and then looked back again as sweet as 'lasses. But the cruel critter! why did she drive off so like all possessed. Lem me see—oh yes, cause 'twouldn't do for us to be seen talking together so public like; well, any how, I know where her father's house is; oh, if I can only git into this pew, what 'll

Sarah Stebbins and Nancy Mudge say ! when they see in the Advertiser somethin' like this : 'In the city of Manila, on the 25th of November, by Rev. Mr. Somebody, Capt. Enoch Dodge, of the bark Jared Spriggins, of this city, to Miss, say Angeliner Valleydeer, daughter of the Señor Don Valleydeer, F.R.S., A.S.S., &c. &c.' Oh, Je-hos-a-phat ! And then agin : 'Arrived in Boston, bark "Jared Spriggins," of this port, Dodge, Manila, 120 days, Java Head 100, passenger, Mrs. Dodge, captain's lady, and six servants. By the great lumber raft ! whew !' " and our friend executed a pirouette at once original and peculiar.

Turning into the main road at that instant, I beheld his well-known figure, and witnessed his remarkable evolution with astonishment.

He stood one hail without reply. The next, at the top of my lungs : " Beautiful evening, Captain Dodge ; homeward bound, eh ? " caught his ear.

" Beautiful ! I guess she is ;—yes, going down in the next boat with my family."

" Why, Dodge, you fool ! are you crazy ? I say it's a fine evening, and are you going to the hotel ? "

" Yes—yes—sartain—yes—very fine—such eyes ! "

" Eyes and boats, and what not ! old boy, are you mad ? "

“Mad! no I aint, but I’m kind o’—”

“In love, very like.” “Exactly.”

“One would think that your sweetheart was too far off just now to turn your brain in this style.”

“Is a mile such an everlastin’ way?”

“Oh ho! a Spanish conquest! I congratulate you, my dear friend. What’s her name, Maria—Seraphina—Violetta?”

“I dun know what her chrissen name is, but her father’s name is Valleydeer.”

It just struck our worthy friend that he had overstepped his usual prudence, and he resolved to keep his own counsel in this case, as he would have done about a cheap lot of sugar—he wanted the market to himself for all sorts of produce. So he walked home with me, declining to answer any more questions, and even refusing to tell me how his hat became soiled, leaving the natural conclusion to be drawn that he had been in a bad box, and perhaps received a bad boxing.

Valleydeer, Valleydeer! a queer name too, thought I, certainly not Spanish; it must be some English lady who has wounded the heart of Enoch, and she must be rich too, or the arrow never would have penetrated so hard a substance.

“My dear sir,” said my consignee, when I called at his office next morning, “I am going to have a little dinner party to-day: will you make one of us?” An invitation to his hospi-

table and well-spread board was never to be declined, and three o'clock found me seated there with a Spanish company. The conversation was carried on principally in that language, and I found but one of them besides our host who had English at command.

The dinner, however, was so excellent, that for some time little of either language was requisite to entertain—every one exercising his jaws so briskly with the savoury viands, that words were superfluous. As our appetites flagged, conversation increased. I was, by the politeness of our host, placed next his friend, who spoke my own language. The Señor Valdaria (the name brought to mind Dodge's lady-love) had little of the demureness and pomposity of his countrymen. He was gay, affable, and exceedingly agreeable and communicative, and fond of joke, and all that sort of thing. Being nearly of an age, too, we had formed quite a compact of friendship before the cloth was removed.

"I'll tell you, my friend," said he, after dinner, when strolling in the garden, "I'll tell you a very good joke. One of your countrymen has fallen in love with my wife. Pobre Antonia!—she was much frightened, though!"

"That's Dodge! now we have it all out!" cried I, delighted. The result of this discovery was the concoction and execution of a most

notable plan, having for its object to humbug Enoch Dodge outright.

But what had that gentleman been doing in the interim, and how did Valdaria make the discovery of his love ?

Our worthy friend had not been idle on the previous night. He had no sooner gone home, than he rigged himself out in his best duck trowsers and olive-coloured coat, or surtout, got his boots brushed, borrowed a hat, and thus being all a-tanto, got under weigh, and stood directly for the Calle San Ignacio. He soon made the street, and at length found the house of Señor Valdaria, by spying his lady, the object of his search, sitting alone by the window, sipping her chocolate.

“Miss Valleydeer, here I be !” exclaimed our hero, rushing to the grating. “Que quiere, Señor ?” said the lady surveying with wonder her uncouth admirer. “Yo visto,” replied he, “Calçada—muy hermosa. Oh, darnation—obre the ventana and let me in.” The Señora started back, and at the same instant there was heard a step upon the stairs.

It was that of her husband, who but a few moments before had returned from the country. The noise frightened Enoch from his game, and he thought to himself, “That’s the old ’un. She’s afeard of him, and daisn’t talk to me any longer.” So Captain Dodge dodged round the corner, where he remained until he supposed the

old dad would have gone off again, and left the coast clear. He then emerged from his hiding place and promenaded before the window for half the night in vain. The lady was not to be seen. Her suspicious old father must have locked her up. So he contented himself with admiring the superb house, and fancying it his own in anticipation. "Faint heart never won fair lady," thought he. "I'll try again to-morrow night," and he retraced his steps homeward, lamenting the luck that obliged him to spend another night ashore, and be at an expense for nothing. The next evening, of course, was that of our dinner party. Dodge was punctually upon the Calçada. The Señora was at home, as was also her husband, who had returned from dinner to his own house. Our economical friend had hired a horse, that he might take the field in better style, and he moreover flattered himself that he might ride alongside of his charmer. But she was not there. He again railed at the tyranny of her old father, who must have kept her at home. He thought of the sacrifices he had made to no purpose—the danger he had incurred for her sake, in trusting his legs across a horse's back, and, not least of all, the dollar paid to the stable-keeper. "But see her this evening I will," said he, and see her he did.

Rigged again, in the same dress as on the preceding evening, he now cautiously stole up to the window, where he found the Señora occupied

precisely as before, and alone. He had looked out some appropriate words in the dictionary, during the day, and now brought them into action. He accosted her as "Mi queridita—mi coraronida—amor de mi almad!" and fired off all his love phrases at the first volley. His salute was returned by a round of exquisite smiles, and the window opened, sesame, for his admission. Once fairly alongside his prize, the victor was about throwing his grappling irons around her neck, when the door opened, and Señor Valdaria walked in. Dodge resembled his old bark when taken aback in a tide way. He couldn't veer nor stay; the poor fellow began to apologize—"Señor—yo hace mistake—casa—darnation—usted excusa me!"

"No apology is necessary, my good sir," replied the young man, in very good English, "any friend of my sister's is welcome to our house. Sit down, sir. Ho, muchacho! chocolate y tabacos. Take a cup of chocolate, sir—and you smoke, I presume? You'll find these cheroots very good." Overjoyed at his unexpected good fortune in finding a friend in a supposed enemy, Enoch seated himself with alacrity, crossed his legs, spread his handkerchief on his lap, took his chocolate, lit his cheroot, and made himself, as he expressed it, "to hum."

"You see," commenced our hero, "you see, Mr. Valleydeer, for I 'spose that's your name, being as you are this young lady's brother, I just

dropped in to see your sister, as she and me got kind o' 'quainted last night, on the Calçada. I must say I feel considerable flattered by your politeness, seein' that the article is no ways common, so fur as my experience goes, in this out o' the way part of the world. Miss Valleydeer I calculate don't understand English?"

"I regret very much," said his polite host, "that in consequence, she should be deprived of the pleasure of your conversation; but you must talk with your eyes, and if that will not answer, I must be your interpreter."

"Thank you, I'm much obleeged. To tell the truth, I'm despart in love with her, and if she's no objection, should like to pay 'tention reg'lar."

After some conversation with his lady, during which the blood crimsoned her fair cheeks, Valdaria informed his guest that she was far from disliking his personal appearance, and farther, that she hoped for the happiness of his more intimate acquaintance.

"That's clever, Mr. Valleydeer," chuckled Enoch, "nothin' like impressions made fust goin' off. Now when you go a courtin' yourself, just you remember that."

"Certainly, my dear sir, I'll endeavour to do so," replied Valdaria, "but in the mean time let me tell you, you must be very cautious about this business. Our parents are in the country, but may at any time return to the city, and father is very proud, as well as wealthy. (Here

Enoch pricked up his ears.) However much I am inclined to favour your suit, (Enoch smiled,) *he* would not be satisfied with any thing but pure Spanish blood, and"—

"Spanish blood!" echoed Dodge, "why a man's a man! May be you don' know any thing about Americans; they are the greatest nation on arth, and I expect in all creation, 'specially down east! I guess you don't know any Americans here, do ye?"

"I have been acquainted with several of them, in the way of business, but I don't think I know any who are here just now, excepting one by the name of Ringbolt."

"Oh, you know that feller, do ye? wild young rascal he is; always a hazin every body a' most to death! (If Captain Dodge was every body, he might have been very nearly right.) Did you ever hear him say any thing about me?" continued our suspicious lover.

"Not having the pleasure of knowing your name as yet, I cannot really say," answered Valdaria.

"Oh thunder!" exclaimed Enoch, jumping up, "forgot we haint been introduced yet, none of us. I'll introduce myself, better late than never, ha! ha! Mr. Valleydeer, Capt. Enoch Dodge—Captain Dodge, Mr. Valleydeer. Now just you introduce me to the young woman, and we'll be all right."

“El Capitan Dodge,” said Valdaria, smiling, “Mi hermana—Mi hermana, El Capitan Dodge.”

The Señora smiled, for she saw her husband do so, and Enoch grinned from ear to ear, scraped the floor, and sat down again.

“Now all right,” resumed our hero, “go ahead. Speaking about this here Ringbolt, wa’nt we?”

“Yes,” said the Señor, “he has spoken of you; said you commanded a bark belonging to” —

“Portland,” said Enoch.

“Yes, Portland, I don’t recollect the name—called after some public character, I believe—rather an odd name.”

“Public character, odd name!” echoed Dodge. “Why, she’s called after one of our owners, to be sure; it’s gittin’ to be all the fashion now. Everybody calls their vessels after themselves, specially if they haint got no children; there’s the “Jeremiah Stubbs,” of Bangor; the “Abimelech Spooner,” of Brunswick; the “Amos Patten,” of Bath; and the “Solomon Piper.” I knowed two brothers in Kennebunk that were in the ’lasses trade, who got pretty well to do in the world and built a brig for a Sacarapper. Speakin’ about buildin’ vessels; down east is the greatest place in the universe. We build ’em in no time and out of pretty much nothin’, and paint ’em and fetch ’em up to Boston, where they git insured as low as their bang-up Medford

ships. Don't we stick the lick into them underwriters, and then we git just as good frets as t'others; damage the cargo some considerable, perhaps; never mind, that's stress of weather, you know; git 'em condemned in seven or eight years, and take the money and build new ones. But I'm gittin' a little out o' the track, though; still, a man in love will run wild; he! he!" and Enoch leered at the Señora, who stared in amazement at his conversation. "Poor critter," said he, "she tries to understand, don't she? Well, never mind, dear, you'll larn English by and bye. Well, about names; them two brothers I was speakin' about, Zephaniah and Jedediah Perkins, they wanted the brig to be all in the family; so, as she was a small hooker, they couldn't get the hull on't on to the starn in six-inch letters, accordin' to law, and it had to read "Zeph and Jed Perkins, K. Bunk." You see that was a good deal prettier than the old-fashion names of Mary, Sophia, Carolina, Eagle, American, and such like." Enoch went on to give his friend the history of Portland in particular, and the State of Maine in general—expatiating largely on the boundary question and the lumber and molasses trade, where he was quite at home. But it grew late, and the Señora began at length to yawn, in spite of the awakening touches of her spouse. At last he finished his story, and there was an awful pause. Dodge would have given anything for a stick to whittle; but after

squirming about for awhile in his chair, he made a prodigious effort—hauled out his pocket chronometer, and said he guessed he must be goin'. The Señora said something which her husband translated into an affectionate invitation to come again. The happy lover assured her of his intention to do so—squeezed her delicate hand with his flipper, and bidding Señor Valdaria good night, bolted into the street, so overcome with joy, that on awaking next morning, he could not recollect which way he came home, or on which side he got into bed.

Now, it is not to be supposed that the Señora enjoyed this visit overmuch; but knowing that her husband had some object in view, she willingly acceded to his desires, like a dutiful wife, and followed all his directions. "Patience, my dear Antonia," said he, "for one or two evenings more, and I'll learn this conceited fool a lesson he'll not soon forget—and it is such rare fun to hear him talk! I wish you could understand more of what he says." "Oh, I understand quite enough," replied Antonia, "but what can you mean to do with him, after all?" "Why, my dear love, just this"—and Valdaria whispered to his wife, as if he feared he might be overheard.

Next morning Capt Dodge made his appearance at breakfast in such a smiling mood that it was generally supposed he had been making a great bargain. His good humour was lasting—

he must have been making money, for he spent all his time on shore, day and night. Where he was in the evening, no one knew but you and I.

In the mean time the Jared Spriggins was nearly loaded, and her commander began to close up his accounts, and especially to take measures to wind up his matrimonial project. He hinted as much on the fourth evening of his courtship.

"My dear friend," said the faithful ally and affectionate brother, "Antonia feels as anxious to bring matters to a close as yourself. But what is to be done? I know my father would not sanction the connection—what can be done?"

"Well, your father appears to be an obstinate old hunk, any way," replied Enoch—"I don't see no other way then, but for her to cut and run."

"Cut and run?"

"Yes, 'lope."

"You mean a secret marriage, and then for her to leave with you?"

"Exactly, and though I'm tola'ble well to do in the world, why if she has any money about her she might as well take it, you know."

"My good friend," said Valdaria, "I don't know if I am doing right to encourage my sister to elope with you, and thus break the heart of her parents—and beside, perhaps never again to see her myself," and he put his handkerchief to his eyes—"but she has set her heart upon you,

and I see no other way. . In regard to money, she has abundance in her own right, and it can be easily converted into jewels."

This communication, and particularly the latter part of it, produced a thrill of pleasure which caused every nerve in the animal economy of Enoch Dodge to vibrate with joy.

"You are a trump, Mr. Valleydeer," exclaimed he, springing to his feet and gripping Valdaria's hand. "You are a trump, that's a fact! As to the money, that's no object. Still, I'd like to see her dress respectable, you know, when she goes a visitin' to hum. Our folks are very partikiler. Well, about the weddin' then; it ain't best to make much fuss, is it? best be quick about it."

"Oh, no! by no means," replied the Señor. "I'll arrange all that; as you say, the sooner the better; though it's a hard trial to me; what say you to to-morrow night?"

"Any time's agreeable to me, that suits the lovely Antonee," said our hero, leering at the beautiful Señora, who returned his ape-look with an enchanting smile.

"Well, then," continued Valdaria, "you must have your boat ready to-morrow night, and I'll bring Antonia at eleven o'clock to the church of San Francisco. The priest shall be in attendance, and though it is best to be as secret as possible, you had better bring a few friends to see you safely off. Yes, I'll have it all arranged.

But it is hard thus to part with a dear sister," and he kissed Antonia, and folded her to his bosom.

"Oh mi queridita—Amor de mi vida," yelled Enoch, and he was about to follow suit, when Valdaria cautioned him to moderate his transports, and take the kisses after the nuptial knot was tied.

"And I'll be whipped if I don't, you may depend," said the happy bridegroom in anticipation. "Well, I must say for you, Mr. Valley-deer, you're one of the most comidating chaps I ever fell in with. One good turn deserves another—and if ever you come our way, you'll be welcome to stop at our house—or if there's any thing in my line for your convenience, I'll do it free of expense—that is, no more, than actooal cost." And Capt. Dodge soon took his leave, congratulating himself on the happy and expeditious manner in which he had conducted "this little job."

All the next day he grinned as if he had a blister on the back of each ear—he absolutely looked *horribly happy*. Still he kept his secret profoundly till evening, when, having called a few of us into his room, he divulged it, and requested our attendance at the ceremony. Long and loud were the cheers he received.

"Hush, boys—hush!" said Enoch—"don't for goodness gracious make such a racket."

Eleven o'clock came, and found us all, espe-

cially the happy man, in high spirits, and thus we adjourned to the church.

A venerable structure is the church of San Francisco. Where are now the hands that reared its gloomy and moss-covered walls? Where are the generations whom the deep tones of its bell have called successively to worship in its sacred cloisters? Their dust has been long since mingled with the dust of the earth. Their history and very names are forgotten, while this remnant of antiquity stands proudly solemn, and will stand when the names of succeeding generations have alike passed into oblivion with those of their ancestors. In spite of our disposition to be merry, such thoughts as these obtruded themselves as we entered the side portal, and our steps echoed among the vaulted arches. It seemed really too solemn a place for the marriage of Enoch Dodge. The shutters were closed, and a dim light burned near the altar, where the officiating priest had already placed himself, awaiting the arrival of the bridal party. He took no notice of us, and we seated ourselves in a recess. A death-like stillness pervaded the place, and even Capt. Dodge's shrill voice subsided into a whisper, when he observed that it was "considerable of a large meetin'-hus." We were not however kept long in suspense.—The door again opened, and the Señor Valdaria made his appearance, with the lady leaning on his arm. She was dressed in white, and

a long veil concealed her lovely features, on which we should have delighted to have gazed ; but custom forbade. The priest beckoned to us, and we all entered the great aisle of the church. He then motioned to the bride and bridegroom, who approached the altar. The service was performed—the ring presented—the benediction on Enoch and Antonia fully pronounced, and Capt. Dodge, of the barque “Jared Spriggins,” of Portland, was a married man ! Had there remained any doubt upon that subject, the first kiss of love which Valdaria now allowed him to print on the veil which covered the blushing face of the bride, and which kiss made the concave roof of the old church ring again, was conclusive.

We escorted them to the boat, which was in waiting. Upon reaching the landing, it appeared that some trunks and two small kegs had preceded us ; and the second officer, who was in charge of the boat, assured his superior that the latter were “considerable heavy.” All these were duly stowed, and Valdaria approached to take leave of his sister. He had schooled himself for the trial, as he told his brother-in-law, and behaved like a man. He merely took Antonia’s hand in his own for a moment, invoked the blessing of heaven upon her happy union, and charged Enoch not to forget his marriage vows. The latter threw his arms around the neck of his wife, and expressed his desire to be

"tetotaciously ramsquaddled" if he ever did forget them. This overcame the feelings of the brother, who put his handkerchief to his face, and leaned his head upon my shoulder, until the boat was out of sight.

"Gentlemen," said the bridegroom, standing up in the stern-sheets, ("sit down, Antonee, dear, I ain't a goin' ashore agin to-night,") and he chucked her under the chin; "gentlemen, I shall spect your company to-morrow at half past twelve, to dinner aboard the 'Jared Spriggins.' I mean to have a good time on the 'casion, but I want you should behave yourselves, and remember what's due to woman's society—that's all—let fall—give way, boys—pull like the old scratch;" and the "Jared Spriggins's" yawl—gig—pinnacle—dingy—cutter—for she was one and all of these, as suited the occasion, shot out into the stream, followed by such a cheer as nearly brought the police upon us.

That evening, after they had reached the ship, and retired to the cabin of the "Jared Spriggins," Captain Dodge removed the veil from the features of his wife, and beheld—not Antonia Valdaria—but Antonia de la Costa—a woman, in character and appearance, quite the reverse of Antonia Valdaria!

Enoch gazed a moment upon her faded charms, and then jumped from his seat, and seizing her by the shoulders nearly shook the remaining teeth out of her head.

“Dar—na—tion!” yelled he, as she opened her eyes—“what—hey—oh Lord!”

“Mi querido!”

“Your querido! you miserable creature—away with you!”

Enoch “had waked up the wrong passenger.” She alighted upon him after the manner of the turkey buzzard—clawed his eyes, and sent him reeling to the other side of the cabin.

Antonia de la Costa possessed one advantage that the Señora was deficient in. She had many choice English phrases, and soon explained to his wondering ears, the relation subsisting between Valdaria and the Señora, and of her being employed by the former to personate the latter at the altar.

“You married Antonia—I’m Antonia—I’m your wife!”

This logic was good, and Dodge could not deny it—so he turned for consolation to the trunks and kegs.

The first contained his lady’s wearing apparel, and the latter, sand of a superior quality, suitable for scrubbing the cabin floor!

This last discovery well nigh crazed our worthy friend, to whom “money was no object.” He flew about the cabin in an uncontrollable rage, execrating both the Antonias—Valdaria—himself and every body else, until he became composed, from sheer exhaustion, and began to reflect.

“I’ll apply to the Legislatoor for a divorce—but it won’t do to carry her home amongst our folks—besides, I can’t afford it. No—it must be done here. I’d kill her if I dared,” thought he, as he looked at the vixen and ground his teeth.

“Come you—dress yourself—git into the boat and go ashore!”

But the lady preferred to remain on board, and her husband had already gained sufficient experience of her prowess, not to attempt physical force—and he resorted to threats, persuasions, entreaties and promises, to no purpose.

Poor Enoch was obliged to leave her in command of the bark till morning, when he went alone. He steered directly for Valdaria’s house, determined at all events to wreak vengeance upon him. But he and his lady had left very early for the country, and thus escaped the consequences of his indignation.—He ran about the streets like a madman, until he found a magistrate—who could give him no consolation, and could only divorce upon the full consent of his lawful wife. Disappointed and distracted, he repaired on board at about his dinner hour, where we also arrived, according to invitation.

“Gentlemen, cried the distracted husband, “I’ve been most everlastin’ly done. That scoundrel, Valleydeer!”

“How so?” exclaimed his guests in amazement.

“Why, go down in the cabin and see my

wife ! yes, wife, and my kegs of jewels. Oh ! oh ! I'm ruined—undone !

The poor fellow's distress was now really pitiable. There sat Mrs. Dodge in the cabin, quite at home, waiting, as she said, for her husband and his company to come down to dinner ! “ Oh, if you can git me out of this scrape,” said Enoch, “ I'll do any thing in creation for ye all—oh—oh—oh ! ”

We all accordingly united our powers of persuasion to induce Antonia to release him from his engagements, and go ashore. At first she was obstinate as a mule, but when Enoch told out two hundred hard Spanish dollars upon the table, which seemed to be like wringing his very soul out, she consented to the divorce, and signified her readiness to go ashore with her husband, and dissolve the contract.

The news of the affair soon spread abroad ; and as boats from other vessels passed and repassed under the stern of the “ Jared Spriggins,” many were the polite inquiries after the health of Mrs. Dodge.

Enoch was rejoiced to escape from Manila, and on the very next day, being ready for sea, tripped his anchor with a hearty good will, and stood down the bay. As he passed us with a fresh breeze, I wished him a pleasant passage, and could not avoid asking if he had any commands for Mrs. Dodge, as I was just going on shore.

“Gaul—darn—ye,” yelled Captain Enoch Dodge, “loose the main-to’-gan’-sail there !”

In due time the “Jared Spriggins” arrived in Boston, and great was the haste with which Capt. Dodge landed after his vessel was anchored in the stream, and he had left orders with the mate not to haul in for three days, and to give the crew no money, that they might be prevented from going home. His entry at the custom house was speedily made, and he embarked the same evening on board the Portland boat, though without his “family.” His mind was occupied during the passage, in discussing the relative advantages of the Misses Mudge and Stebbins, for one or the other of these ladies he was determined to secure, before the news of his Manila marriage and divorce should be divulged by the crew. But his uncertainty was soon ended, by information he received on board the boat, that old Hiram Stebbins had recently become immensely rich by a great land speculation, and instantler Miss Sally Stebbins was gifted with new charms.

The flash East India captain, Enoch Dodge, felt himself a bug of the first magnitude, when he landed among the Sacarappers, and made his way through piles of lumber and tiers of molasses casks, steering in as direct a course as these impediments would allow, for the house of ’Squire Stebbins. Sally opened the door in person.

“Oh my dear, charming, lovely critter,” ejac-

ulated Enoch, "you sweeter than all the cherabims of the spicy pomegranate gardens of the East. Oh, thank fortune, I have at last returned to fold you in my arms! You haint been out of my thoughts one blessed minnit sence I've been gone." Enoch,—what a whapper!

Who could resist such a lion as the East India captain! The blushing Sally surrendered without terms, and the 'Squire consented without much ado; and as he intended to fail in a few days, hastened the ceremony of their marriage, from the double motive of making sure of Captain Dodge, and of using the funds of his creditors while yet in his power to give the happy pair a splendid entertainment. The ceremony passed off accordingly, in grand style, and for one whole week Captain and Mrs. Dodge enjoyed the full sunshine of matrimonial felicity, during which time jealousy made a hearty meal upon the vitals of Miss Nancy Mudge. But, and I must be excused for introducing a worn-out quotation,

"A change came o'er the spirit of (their) dream,"
and, to use the language of the same author,

(Their) "dawn of life was overcast;"

or as Captain Dodge himself more beautifully and poetically expressed it, "the honey-moon got knocked in the head."

This full sunshine became moonshine by the news of Enoch's Manila adventures reaching

the ears of his wife on the same day that 'Squire Stebbins's failure became known to that gentleman to whom "money was no object." Let us not again approach the curtains that conceal domestic joy and wo: but it may be mentioned that the bridegroom had the prudence not to use any harsh epithets, and that however long and severe the lecture he received undoubtedly was, it was not accompanied by any of the other feminine accomplishments displayed on a former occasion.

The Xantippe was rather personated than the Wild Cat; and though during that tempestuous night, Enoch entertained thoughts of buying off again, they were soon chased away by the reflection that such was too expensive an expedient to be often resorted to. Happy it was for him, that such considerations prevailed. He was not a Socrates for life. Though the clouds did indeed look black, and there was every indication of a long continued gale, it all ended in a mere squall. The morning light chased every tear from the eyes of Sally, and its brightening rays reflected on her reconciled face, and Enoch really found that "money was no object" to a man that was blessed with such a wife.

Four years since, being on a visit at Portland, I fell in with Captain Dodge, who informed me that he had been ever since in the Sacarappa trade, and very cordially invited me to a "pretty considerable tea party" at his house, hinting

that it would gratify him if our conversation was confined to matters and things on this side of the Cape of Good Hope, and that any allusion would be unpleasant that touched upon "that everlastin' disagreeable place, Manila."

There I spent a very pleasant evening, and Mrs. Dodge presided much better on such an occasion than the veritable Señora Valdaria would have done.

When on my next voyage to Manila, I recounted Enoch's domestic felicity to the Señora; and she sent Mrs. Dodge a splendid piña dress, which excites the admiration and jealousy of all down east; and as it must be a satisfaction to any one to reflect that he has been the means of improving the condition of frail humanity, Enoch was of course gratified to learn that the first Mrs. Dodge, with a credit based upon his two hundred dollars and as much more liberally bestowed by the Señor Valdaria, had become proprietress of a hotel, which bids fair to rival that of the lamented Don Bernardo Antlemann; and, kind reader, should you ever visit Manila, you will find the best of entertainment at the "Casa de Huespedes," por la Señora Dodge.

THE PRETTY MISSIONARY.

HOWEVER much the usefulness of Missionaries in foreign lands may be questioned by those who have no other means of forming opinions than from the overstrained reports of the religious press on the one hand, and from those of irreligious travellers on the other, it will be allowed by such as have been among them, and are disposed to be candid, that if they have not already accomplished any thing decisive, they have at least laid the foundation of great good, and future generations will gather the fruits of the seed they have sown, which, though long buried in the earth, will spring up and produce an abundant harvest.

And now, having hazarded what I believe to be a candid opinion, I have no doubt that the one party (should either condescend to notice it) will merely shrug their shoulders and say, "That man is prejudiced: there have been no overstrained reports. Look at the Sandwich Islands, with their overflowing churches, and

hear how eagerly the heathen every where receive tracts! And read the letters that the converts themselves write home! O, he's prejudiced!"

The other side will simply observe, "That man is half a Missionary himself. Talk about the good that *will* result! Nonsense!—let's know what *has* resulted." So that in this case the maxim, "*In medio tutissimus ibis*," does not hold good, for the unsparing lash of criticism would come from both sides upon the shoulders of him who thus runs the gauntlet. Such being the punishment, which is likely to increase if we still go on to sin, it will be prudent to leave such matters to themselves, and proceed, without further preface or comment, to notice the time and occasion upon which the Cornelia sailed for the East Indies, with a numerous company of Missionaries on board.

It was a summer's day, and a light breeze had sprung up from the westward, when, being ready for sea, the topsails were mast-headed, and the pilot announced that all who were not going to sea must now step on shore. A little delay was requested. The wharf was crowded with spectators, looking upon the unusual scene which was that day presented. At a signal, every head was uncovered, and a venerable clergyman arose to commend the band of adventurers to the care of Heaven. In his eloquent petitions he included us all; and seldom, if ever, did a

ship's company leave the wharf bearing with them the prayers and good wishes of so numerous an assembly. The bow-fast was cast off, and as the ship swung round, filling her sails, and the stern-fast was let go, three hearty cheers were given by the multitude, which we answered in our usual style. As it subsided, the united voices of the passengers rose upon the air, in clear and distinct tones, swelling the great Missionary Anthem with an effect that could never be produced by the organs and choirs of cathedrals; and ere they had completed it, the sound of their voices died faintly away upon the ears of the friends they were so rapidly distancing.

Most of the company had never before even seen a ship; and as we passed down among the beautiful islands that stud our harbor, they gazed with wonder and delight upon the charming novelties presented to their view. But as they gazed, their thoughts wandered to the dear homes and friends they were leaving, perhaps never more to see again. When the last link was broken, as they put their farewell letters into the parting pilot's hands, a feeling of desolation came over them; and when the shades of evening drew around them, gradually shrouding their native land from sight, till at last it forever disappeared, they turned and went below, many sorrowing with tears, and one wept as if her gentle bosom would burst with a pang she

before had faintly imagined, but never had felt till now.

She was indeed alone. Others had their wedded companions with whom to derive mutual consolation, but this enthusiastic girl had left her parents and home, to be a companion to one of the more aged couples, persuading herself that she could thus do more service to her Maker than in the domestic walk of life in which his goodness had placed her.

"I tell you what, my boy, you may say what you like, but I calls it unlucky," said old Jack to me one night.—"I've been going to sea now nigh upon thirty years, but there never came any luck where there was a woman or a parson on board—and here there's nine women and eight parsons, and so to my notion there's seventeen chances to nothing against us. It's unlucky, I tell you. I was in the old "Mary Jane," and the Captain had his wife aboard, and the first thing we knew, plump we went on to the Gingerbread Ground. Well, the wreckers took us off, to be sure, but the old ship was lost. So much luck for a woman!"

"Was the Captain on deck when she struck?" said I.

"No, he was turned in."

"Oho! well—so much bad luck for the Captain's wife being on board, not so much because of a woman."

"Well, then," continued old Jack, somewhat

snappishly, "I was coming down the Baltic once, and we had a woman aboard, and she *wan't* the Captain's wife. Ah, that was a hard time, late in the season, you see, no day there, all night, and an eternal head wind. We were standing along one night under double reefs, when I sees breakers ! and sings out '*Breakers !*' 'Where a way ?' says the Captain. 'All the way under our lee, sir,' says I. 'Call all hands there,' says the Captain—'Rouse 'em out quick, turn a reef out of the topsails, and loose the jib and mainsail. Now, be lively, boys !' He said it all, just as cool as if it had been calm, in the middle of the Atlantic. But we knew him, and loved him too, and all hands were on deck, and sail made sooner than if there had been a flurry and swearing, and the like o' that. When we got the sail on to her, she began to jump into and through it, like a mad bull. But it was no use, she couldn't weather the breakers on that tack, and now we could hear 'em as well as see them, roaring, dancing and flying, like so many live monsters, that were only waiting to get us in their clutches. I see the captain stand a minute and think, and I rather guess he thought this : 'There's them breakers all along from the lee bow to the quarter. Now if I ware her, she'll like enough go ashore before she comes up to the wind on t'other tack.' 'Stations for stays !' says he ; 'all ready, fore and aft ?' 'All ready, sir !' 'Ease your helm down'---'Hard a lee !' 'Ha-a-

ard a lee !” answered the mate. Slat went the jib, as she came up in the wind. The head sails took aback ; she’ll go round, thinks I, glad enough. Ah, but she didn’t, though ; for just then, she fetched a dive, and a tremendous sea came over the bows and rolled aft, taking every thing off the decks, and rattling the fore topmast down over our heads. ‘Let go the maintopsail haulyards,’ shouted the Captain---‘Haul up the courses and let go the anchor!’ It took some minutes to get the anchor clear, and by that time we were almost in the rollers. At last we let it go, but the chain snapped. Away we went dead to leeward, and cleared away t’other anchor as soon as we could, but that fared the same as the other, and we brought up in the breakers. After thumping once or twice, all could see that the brig was going to pieces, and the captain sung out ‘Save yourselves there, and God bless you!’ and as he said it, overboard he went with something white in his arms. Some said it was a patent swimming machine ; others that it was his clothes-bag ; most thought it was a ghost, but I said it was *that woman* ! Well, when we got ashore, some swimming, and some because they couldn’t help it, on Bornholm, we begins to look round, and mustered all hands to see who was missing. We were all there but the captain and *that woman* ! And I proved myself right, when we found ’em next morning, hove up on the beach, with his left arm clinched round her

waist, as taut and hard as an iron strap round a wheel block ; and I rather think I've proved myself right again, when I told you there was no luck with a woman aboard. And as to parsons—"

"But stop, stop, one thing at a time," said I. "You are right in this instance, so far as that it was unfortunate for the captain, who might have saved his own life, but for the woman ; but I can't see how she had any thing to do with the dark nights and stormy weather that always happen there at that season, and make the navigation so dangerous, and which caused the loss of the brig."

"Now it's no use for you to talk," said old Jack, right angry, "*wasn't I there ?* and hadn't I ought to know ?"

As this is one instance among many of the use of this argument, I may be allowed to say that it is a knock-down one in the forecastle. If a discussion fall upon the climate and soil of France, or upon the religion and domestic manners of the Chinese, if one of the disputants should have had the good fortune to have been in the port of Havre, or in Whampoa reach—however strong the tide of argument might be against him, when directed by a less travelled ship-mate, he has only to say "I've been there !" and the question is settled, *nem. con.* So in this instance, I was obliged to hold my peace, for sure enough, "Jack was there !"

Mr. Landsman, did you ever see a gale of wind? I'll answer for you—never. Neither upon the ocean did I ever see such an one as upon this voyage—ay, it must have blown hard, when old Jack himself acknowledged that he had never seen it blow harder. Of all places upon the ocean where to encounter a heavy gale, let it be any where else excepting in the Gulf Stream. The constant current of warm water from the southern latitudes makes a continued disturbance in the atmosphere, and rarely, if ever, does a vessel cross it in any season, without feeling its effects. The wind, although coming in sudden and furious gusts, and making it sufficiently unpleasant, is nothing in comparison with the short and irregular sea that is caused by its opposing efforts to the force of the current. After contending against southeasterly winds for five or six days, and getting into the middle of the stream, the wind suddenly shifted to the northward, and blew with unexampled fury. Sail was reduced as fast as possible—fortunately little was upon the ship at the time, so that our labour was less. The sea did not rise at once, and we went off before the gale as dryly as one might wish. The seasick-passengers had generally recovered, and although naturally terrified at the novelties around them, they placed confidence in the word of the Captain, that no danger was to be apprehended, and soon became familiarized to the scene. For who, however timid he may be from natural

disposition, can look upon the ocean in a time of its rage, and hear the mad roar of the crested billows, without losing all thoughts but, those awakened by the majesty of nature displayed above and beneath him? Lakes, rivers, forests and mountains are beautiful, and indeed sublime. But are they animated beings like the waves of the ocean, whose hoarse and hollow voices are ever speaking in the sailor's ear—not only showing him, but *telling* him in tones louder and more distinct than all homilies ever delivered, “The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth?”

Did you ever know an *infidel* sailor? Wicked ones; ay, and too many of them you may know. And shame to us all for it! Give but a small proportion of what you bestow upon missionary, education, tract, prison discipline, and other societies; *all* good enough, but not so *pre-eminently* good as to engross all your benevolence, to relieve the moral and physical wants of those whose life is truly on the mountain wave, whose home, whose only home is upon the deep, and whose last home is often in the deep's unfathomed caves; give your money for the benefit of the seaman, you will have his thanks added to those of an approving conscience, and you may live to see the day when that proverb becomes extinct, “as wicked as a sailor.”

Oh, but that gale of wind! pray excuse me for running off, but it was a heavy squall, and when such a one strikes me, I *must* run off a

little; but now it's all over, I'll endeavour to keep up to the story.

At last the sea commenced rising, and became so very irregular, that it was a difficult matter to steer the ship. By this time their old enemy, sea-sickness, had again taken possession of most of the passengers, and driven them to their berths below. But Isabella Carroll seemed to be above all sickness or fear at such a time as this. As the wild storm increased, and the heaving surges rose higher and higher, her whole soul kindled with rapture, and, as my honest chum, old Jack, expressed it, it shone out through her eyes.

Oh, she was beautiful ! There she stood upon the quarter deck spars, refusing to go below, and gazing upon the mad ocean and the angry sky, with such flashing eyes, still unconscious that many were gazing upon herself with different feelings, but with feelings of equal admiration. Her dark hair had parted from its moorings and fell upon her shoulders and blew out with the gale. Her naked shoulders and half naked bosom, white as the sea foam that fell upon it, and pure as the heart that beat beneath it, could not but become the centre of attraction for all eyes. Oh, that unconscious girl was lovely ! I looked upon her as a guardian angel for us all, for sure old ocean must soften down at the sight of her, and the gale which now vents its wrath upon her unprotected form, will relent. But no ! oh no ! see, the wheel rope has parted, and before the reliev-

ing tackles can be put on, the ship had broached to ! Mr. Maxwell, the chief officer, who had charge of the decks, was possessed of presence of mind for any such emergency. When he saw that the ship must inevitably broach to, he threw off the main brace and eased off the weather main top-sail brace, as she came to the wind, which she did, after shipping a fearful sea that swept our decks. Though many things went overboard, we were about congratulating each other upon all ending so well, when a chill of horror struck the stoutest heart, as, far away on the lee quarter, when the seas rose and fell, appeared the white dress of Isabella !

A dozen jackets and shirts were off in as many seconds. Neither was that staunch old fellow, Jack, among the last, bad as the luck appeared to him to be from womankind.

No boat could be lowered into such a sea as that, but all were ready to risk their lives.

“Avast, there!” cried the mate; “not a man of you goes overboard ! Loose the mizen top-sail !”

It was done instantly ; two or three nimble fellows running aloft and cutting the gaskets, the close-reefed sail fell from its yard, already braced aback, and the ship gathered stern way as we hauled home the sheets. The cross-jack yards were shivered, backed and filled as occasion required, and the ship was dropped slowly, but steadily in the direction of Miss Carroll.

By this time the captain had come on deck, but was so unacquainted with what had happened and was going on, that he prudently told his chief officer to take care of the ship. He did so until when within about fifty yards from the object of our search, he resigned the ship into the hands of the commander, who was now prepared for the responsibility, and partly stripped, plunged into the sea and swam towards the unfortunate girl. Well that he did so in time, for her dress having become saturated, could no longer buoy her up, and she was already sinking when grasped by his vigorous arm. Being an excellent swimmer, he easily sustained himself and his insensible burden until the ship dropped down upon them, when bowlines and coils of rope being thrown around them, both were safely landed on deck, with shouts of joyous welcome, from all hands, and with sincere and devout thanksgiving from all the passengers.

"I told you so," said old Jack, after the affair was over. "I told you so! So much for having a woman aboard."

"So much for having one overboard," said I, "and no harm done as yet, after all, notwithstanding your croaking."

"Well, for that matter," answered he, "if she had'nt been aboard in the first place, how would she have got overboard? Tell me that!"

"Did you ever get dismasted, Jack?"

“Did I ever get dismasted? Why, a dozen times. When I was in the ship——”

“Never mind the yarn, now,” said I, interrupting him, “how came you to have any spars in the ship? If they had’nt been there, you would not have lost them.”

“Pooh! that’s nothing to do with it. I was in the ship myself, and I know how it was!”

Verdict for Jack, *nem. con.*

There is an almost inexplicable allurements that the sea holds forth to young minds, and instils a passion into them scarcely inferior, and often more lasting, than the passion of love itself—and which, when once in possession of the heart, it is in vain to use endeavours for its expulsion—and the only medicine in such desperate cases, is experience, which will certainly either kill or cure. It would not seem strange, were this passion to seize upon the misanthropic, who might wish to free themselves as much as possible from what they call the trammels of society, those who even pretend to be still unsatisfied with

——“A lodge in some vast wilderness—
Some boundless contiguity of shade,”

and would fain get at a greater distance from civilization. Why do *they* not seek the place where they can live

“With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe’er they go?”

But such miserable wretches generally prefer to remain at home, there to annoy their friends and society with private complaints and public essays upon the deceitfulness, lusts and crimes of mankind, which so perpetually come in contact with their own truthfulness, purity and good morals, and with heaping all manner of calumny upon this lovely world, wherein our beneficent Creator has placed us, and where the use, and not the abuse, of unnumbered enjoyments are allowed us by his kind indulgence.

Edward Maxwell was certainly as far from being such a character as I have described, as light can be distant from darkness. What Mr. Snellicci said of the ladies, he could say with truth of all his acquaintances, "He loved them, and they loved him."

He had received an education calculated for a different (*higher*, if you like it) profession than the one in which he was now engaged; but, actuated by some such feelings as have been spoken of, college walls could not confine him, and notwithstanding the wishes of his friends, he took the "medicine," which they affirmed killed him, but which he maintained operated successfully and agreeably to his expectations. He "came in at the hawsehole," and by zeal and activity, had soon acquired information, practice and promotion, so that now at the age of twenty-three, he was first officer of the "Cornelia,"

with the promise of a command upon his return.

A handsome man, too, was Mr. Maxwell. But as it requires a lady to describe a handsome man, I had left the remainder of this sheet blank, to be filled up by my sister, with an appropriate description: but she says that handsome men have gone out of fashion, at least are very scarce—she knows quite a number of handsome monkeys and baboons—but that won't do, so I shall leave it to any fair one, who may honour these pages with a perusal, to arm and equip Mr. Maxwell according to her own fancy, with hair and eyes black and shining as—coal tar—or light and blue, as she may mix the colours in her own imagination.

Now it was not at all surprising, that upon the morning after the accident, when Miss Carroll, having recovered entirely from its effects, tripped up the companion-way before any of the others had left their nests, and as she gained the deck, accepted the offered support of Mr. Maxwell; I say it was not at all surprising that she should thank him, and heartily thank him, too, for having been the instrument of heaven in saving her life. Neither was it remarkable that Mr. Maxwell should feel thankful and proud of having done so; and as she grasped his hand in fervent gratitude and joy, that he should retain hers somewhat longer than was absolutely necessary; and that when her radiant eyes beamed

upon his face, was it strange that a glance should be returned? Oh, reader, think of tinder-boxes and—matches. Well, the amount of it all was, that Edward Maxwell was in love with Isabella Carroll, and Isabella Carroll was in the same predicament as regarded Edward Maxwell.—A clear and manifest truth, although nothing was said by either side, or to any one else, upon the subject.

For my own part, I am glad that the thing was accomplished so quickly, so naturally, and so easily—for had it happened, as it often occurs, that the gentleman loved the lady who treated him with neglect, reducing him to the necessity of learning to write poetry and play upon the guitar, and then suspecting him, and he suspecting her, I might have had as much trouble to explain it to you as it cost the talented author of "Precaution" to bring his untractable lovers to an understanding and to tell the world the story. Ah, but how can Isabella marry Mr. Maxwell? Who said she *did* marry him? How could she, indeed! She had promised her life and services to the Missionary Society, and, as it were, had taken the veil. No, indeed, you're right, reader. But in the meantime there certainly could be no harm in Isabella's rising very early upon some fine mornings to see the splendid sun risings, and sitting up late some evenings to look at the gentle moon, whose beauty reigned su-

preme among the thousand lesser claimants to admiration.

O, glorious sights! how truly has the sacred poet said of us, "These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep!" Though years have elapsed since I first "sought my ocean home," I still gaze with unabated admiration upon the sublimities and beauties of creation which it affords—"ever varying, ever new!" Rise, reader, at sea, before the break of day, and watch the gradual opening of a cloudless morning. It is true, there is nothing of the crowing of cocks and chirping of birds, upon whose assistance your rustic poets count so much to usher in the king of day—for here unbroken stillness reigns. There are no mountains, trees, or works of human hands, to obstruct one particle of the view—no intervening object to distract the attention or to prevent the minutest shade of the picture from exerting its full effect. What more delicate than the first blush of Aurora, as she prepares to leave her couch, and which is now succeeded by a deeper tinge as she is ready to unveil her beauties before us. But away with such trifling! See the flashing sky, and the rays that shoot toward the zenith and on every side, bright forerunners of him who has sent them to tell the earth of his coming. Slowly, majestically, yet silently, the monarch now arises and spreads his glories far and near, irradiating ocean and the blue vault

of heaven, but with transcendent brightness forbidding the eye to rest on himself, but directing our gaze to his works upon nature around us !

Herein has our Almighty Father again given us a lesson from his never-failing book, as legible as were it penned in golden characters upon the clear horizon : "Ye cannot look upon my glory, too bright for the eye of finite reason : but look upon the works of my hands, these show forth my praise."

And who, that has a taste for the beautiful, but will choose to pace the decks when all is silent around him ; when he hears not a word to interrupt the stillness of the scene, as the queen of night has risen to rule her empire with her peaceful sway ? How often is a boisterous day succeeded by such quiet as this, for the rising of the moon is regarded by seamen, with much appearance of justice, as producing such effects ! It is then that

The glist'ning eye the scene surveys,
The thankful heart pours forth its praise
To Nature's God, whose bounteous care
Has placed us in a world so fair.

Blest emblem of redeeming love,
That bids the clouds of sin remove,
As thou hast calm'd the ocean's breast,
So calm our passions, all to rest !

I have thus merely endeavoured to give you some faint idea of the sublimity of sunrise, and

of the beauty of moonlight nights, at sea, in order to bring you over to my view of the correctness of Miss Carroll's conduct, and to force you to admit that it was justifiable and praiseworthy; nay, more than that, it was proper for her to seek suitable opportunities and times for such delightful objects of contemplation. Our worthy second mate, Mr. Lanyard, notwithstanding his self-approved breeding, and his having been so long at sea, was still rather unpolished. His voice and language, though sounding extremely well and much to the purpose from the weather earing, was not precisely adapted to a lady's ear. Though possessed of a deal of musical talent, he made use of it mostly to keep himself awake during his watches, when he was accustomed to favour us with variations from "Yankee Doodle," "Jim Crow," and "Round the corner, Sally," to no particular key that I recollect having seen in music books.

Miss Carroll, therefore, chose her times of meditation when it was his watch below, and—and (well, of course it couldn't be otherwise when there were only two officers) when it was Mr. Maxwell's watch on deck!

Every one is not so void of suspicion as you and I. Old mother Snags, (as we called her,) whose ward Miss Carroll might be considered, sent the cabin boy on deck one evening with a message to the young lady, to whom the mate was just then explaining in a low voice, so as

not to disturb any one, some problem in—navigation, perhaps—but be that as it may, Miss Carroll reluctantly obeyed the summons of Mrs. Snags.

What was the purpose of the interview which Mrs. Snags had requested, might have been guessed at, but it would have been impossible to have related the particulars had it not been for the impertinent curiosity of Master Thomas Platter, or as he was generally styled by us, Tom Thumb, in order to distinguish him from a gigantic namesake, who on his part was particularized by the appellation of Long Tom. Now Tom Thumb, though his members were formed in minute proportion to each other, had perhaps as large a bore for his ears, as most men of larger stature; and if what the young rascal told us when he came forward soon after, was *verbatim*, he had a pretty large memory.

“This here’s a new go!” squeaked the little fellow; “old Mother Snags has been riding down Miss Carroll like a main tack, and——”

“Well, begin at the begininng, and tell us what’s it all about,” said some one, with the interest always manifested in the fore-castle to know what is going on, and what has been done and said, in the cabin.

“Why, you see,” replied Tommy, “Mother Snags sends me on deck to call down Miss Carroll, and as she looked like a snapping turtle, I thought something was out o’ tune. So I called

her down, and when the young 'oo-man had got into the state room, and the door was shut, I listened. First go off was, 'Sis-ter Carroll,' drawed out like weak tea, then I almost *heard* her *look* at her. I guess the awful way of speaking and the vinegar look altogether, struck Miss Carroll aback, for she said, by jerks like, 'Why, my dear Mrs. Snags—what's—the matter?' Not a word for a minute. 'Thinks I, the old 'ooman means to claw her, and I think she did mean to, but thought better of it, for the young lady might have carried too many guns for her, so she ranged up alongside, and gave her a broadside of this here, 'Sis-ter Car-roll ! and is it thus that you keep the vows that are upon you, thus that you turn from the paths of holiness and purity, and bring a stigma upon your own reputation, and dishonour upon the sacred cause in which you are engaged?' Here Miss Carroll tried to say something, but it was no use, she might as well have tried to fight forty-four pounders with pop-guns. The old 'oo-man silenced her fire in no time, and blazed away again. 'The matter ! you would ask me what is the matter ? why it's notorious, yes, it is in the mouths of all the brethren and sisteren, (Thomas misunderstood ; Mrs. Snags probably said sisters,) yes, not only in their mouths but in those of the captain and the crew ! In the mouths of everybody ! Oh, dear ! what a falling away ! If, when I was young—unmarried, I mean, I had been guilty of such

enormities as you have with that poor foolish Maxwell, if, oh!" Whack, down went the old 'ooman in a peper-perplexed fit, and Miss Carroll burst the door open so sudden, that it knocked me down, and she went over me, and hearin' the noise, out jumped all the rest of 'em, in their what d'-ye-call-ems. And down come four women and three men on the top of us, and most all the rest of 'em got piled up agin' the lee bulk head. Finally, out jumps the captain, a-singing out 'Tom!' 'Sir,' says I, but I don't think he heard me, with such a pile as there was a top of me. But just as he sings out again, up I comes through seven or eight pair o' legs and arms, a blowin' like a porpoise. 'Well, what's all this confusion,' says he. 'Oh Lord, sir,' says I, out o' breath, 'Mrs. Snags knows, if she ain't dead!' 'I'm sure I am equally surprised with yourself, captain,' says the old 'ooman, as live as a basket of eels, 'Why, brethren and sisteren, I am ashamed of you,' and she clapped both hands before her eyes, and looked betwixt her fingers.'

"Well, as soon as I got clear of the mess, I lent a hand to capsize some of the beef off o' Miss Carroll, who looked a good deal more frightened than she did when she went overboard, a while ago. As soon as she got clear she walked into her state room, not sayin' nothin' to nobody. And then the men and women that had been a top of us began to apologize to each other. The brethren 'regretted

extremely.' The susteren declared 'they never were so shocked,' but nobody said nothin' to me about almost breakin' my arm. Hows'ever, I don't care, I got stowed so close to the young lady that my lips almost touched hers. I guess Mr. Maxwell would ha' liked to ha' been me, just then."

"Hold your tongue, you little blackguard!" cried that gentleman from the quarter-deck, whose ears, most of Tom's animated description had reached; "hold your tongue, sir, and go down in the cabin where you belong; don't you be telling the people any more such nonsense," and catching the young gentleman by the ear as he came aft, added, "don't you ever couple me again with that young lady!"

"Lord, sir," replied Master Thomas Thumb, putting on one of his most innocent looks, "Wouldn't you like to be coupled with her?"

A severe twinge upon both of his mischievous ears occasioned by their being used as handles to lift him over the companion way, was the only compliment he got for his wit.

It is needless to say, that such an accident as had happened, prevented Miss Carroll from taking her usual morning and evening walks for a length of time, during which Mr. Maxwell appeared to be somewhat severe and unnecessarily harsh in his treatment of us; but we bore it with patience, well knowing to what cause it was attributable. How strange and

and yet how common it is, that, when annoyed by those against whom it is useless to complain, we often find a vent for our ill-humour by taking vengeance upon our unoffending inferiors !

We had now entered the tropics, and were making rapid progress to the southward, by the aid of the steady north-east trade wind. How delightful and exhilarating it is, after so long contending with the light, baffling winds, and sultry weather, which prevail in the latitude of Bermuda, to be ushered into the precincts of the cool and bracing trades !

A new impetus seems to send the sluggish blood through our veins, and there is life in all around us. The clouds move across the sky, not in the imperceptible way of late, but as if they were now employed upon some errand requiring activity and despatch ; while instead of the lazy black fish, whom we lately saw rolling in a sea as slothful as themselves, on every side are to be seen thousands of porpoises, bonitas, dolphin and flying-fish, gambolling upon the live ocean. Yes, " this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable," is, as it were, alive ; and while

All nature, God, thy praises sings,
The air, the earth, the rolling sea,
And ships e'en spread their snowy wings,
To join them all, adoring thee,—

the thanksgiving which animated nature pays, should teach us, more favoured than all thy other

works of creation, to use the reason thou hast given us, not in inveighing against the ways of Providence, but in humbly rendering thee our "reasonable service."

"Sail, ho !" cried a man from the main-royal yard, one fine morning, as we were bowling along merrily upon our course. "Where-away ?" inquired the captain. "On the weather bow, sir."

There is nothing more enlivening at sea than the sound of "Sail, ho !" Separated as we are supposed to be, thousands of miles from human intercourse, to become suddenly aware that there are other isolated beings like ourselves in our very neighbourhood, awakens the dormant energies of the listless passenger, and stimulates his curiosity in the highest degree. Are we in a much-frequented channel, where hundreds of vessels are constantly passing on their various courses, very little notice is taken of them—the spy-glass is not even brought to bear upon them, nor does fancy exercise itself at all about them. But in mid-ocean, how different ! The emotions now excited are those of intense curiosity, of sympathy with our lonely fellow-travellers, and a desire to communicate with them, and to reciprocate good offices if required, or at least to bid each other "God speed."

In the present instance, all was bustle and confusion—a general rush of ladies and gentlemen upon deck—the former, poor souls, without

the probability of gratifying their curiosity as soon as some of their adventurous husbands, who now endeavoured, many of them, for the first time, to climb up into the rigging. Some half dozen had actually reached the leading-trucks, when, urged, as they would have it appear, by the entreaties of their wives not to risk their precious lives, but in part, as it seemed to others, by a shaking of their knees, they thought proper to descend. But Brother Bronson had tried the experiment before, and had several times succeeded in reaching the main-top, when his lady was below; and now, notwithstanding her cries of, "Oh come down, my dear Elijah," he still persisted, and reached the main-top-sail yard, swinging his hat in triumph to his astonished friends beneath him. Meantime the captain had reached the same place, and was carefully reconnoitering with his glass.

"Well, captain," said Mr. Bronson, "what is she? where is she from? where is she going? what's her name? I hope they are all well on board. How beautiful she looks! Dear me, do, captain, send a boat, will you? What do you see, captain?"

"Brig, sir!" replied he, and shutting his glass, descended.

The poor man had scarcely reached the decks, when the same questions, with a dozen more, came upon him from a dozen different mouths.

"Brig! ladies and gentlemen, brig!" was all

the answer that he would or could return. "Mr. Maxwell," said the captain, with a feigned smile, "we may come near each other, and as it would be no more than politeness to salute, especially if he happen to be a countryman, and as this is the Fourth of July, you may clear away the guns and load them."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate; "clear away the guns there!"

We had but two of them, but they were good, serviceable twelve-pounders. After the cartridges were rammed down, the passengers, had they much penetration in such matters, must have thought that it was to be a very queer salute, when both guns were filled to their muzzles with grape, canister, and musket bullets! In the meantime, the brig, which had been heading to the northward when first discovered, had stood off to the westward, and now became visible from deck, bearing down across our bows, with studding-sails set alow and aloft.

If there had been any doubt before in the captain's mind, there was none now, and he gave the order to brail up the spanker, put the helm up, square the yards, and rig out studding-sail booms on both sides, it being well known that to keep before the wind is the only chance for a merchantman in a race with a sharp built vessel. We soon had all sail packed upon the *Cornelia*, and for a few moments we flattered ourselves with the idea of escape; but our hopes

were false, for slowly but surely the brig gained upon us. A box of muskets belonging to the cargo was now passed up out of the hold and broken open. These, added to those belonging to the ship, furnished one to every male on board. At these preparations the astonished passengers began to stare, and soon suspected the truth; and some drew themselves apart, while the captain encouraged us to behave like men, and do our duty. Nearer, nearer still, the rascal came on, overhauling us step by step; and now we could see English colours at his peak—but he had mistaken us. We hoisted the stars and stripes, and still kept on before the wind.

Soon, down came the English flag and up went the American; but as this ruse did not succeed, and only made us more certain of his character, he did us the favour to make assurance doubly sure, by hauling this down, hoisting his own true colours—the *black flag*, and sending a shot from his Long Tom booming after us.

“Ladies,” said the captain, “I must request you to go below. Your longer continuance on deck would be dangerous, and should you be seen—Go below, ladies.”

His request was generally and immediately complied with. Some of the gentlemen were about to follow, when they found themselves suddenly interrupted. “I said *ladies*, not gentlemen.”

Several of them not taking this gentle hint, their further progress was stopped by Messrs. Maxwell and Lanyard, who politely helped them out of the companion-way, and then drew over the slide, which the carpenter was ordered to secure.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," said the captain, "to be obliged to use such means to remind you of your duty to defend your own lives and those of your families."

"Sir," said Mr. Newman, in a faltering tone, "we do not consider it our duty to engage in carnal warfare. We have held a meeting upon the subject: and after a candid view of the matter in all its bearings, we have concluded to use only the weapons of prayer and faith."

"Very proper weapons in their way, no doubt," replied our indignant captain, "but one can pray and fight too, when occasion requires; and moreover, there are the ladies below, who can handle the weapon of prayer for us; and as to faith, I believe in that as sincerely as you do, but I believe that unless good works go with it, it is no more serviceable for a weapon, than an unloaded musket is, nor half as much so."

Notwithstanding this luminous commentary upon a doctrine, which has set Christendom by the ears ever since sectarianism took the place of religion, the gentlemen stood irresolute, some being convinced that it was their duty to take up arms; among whom the Rev. Mr. Snags was

conspicuous, for that gentleman was really no coward—there was nothing in this world that he feared,—excepting his wife. Still the Newman party were about to continue the discussion, when Captain Davis, espying something in the neighbourhood of his chief officer, exclaimed—“But how is this? why, Miss Carroll, I thought that I had requested all the ladies to go below !”

“Oh, captain !” exclaimed Isabella, “*do* let me remain on deck. I can do something. I can fire a gun—or a pistol, at least I can hand Mr. Max—I can hand the men powder. I know I can do *something* !”

Here was an argument stronger than any thing that the captain could produce, and the cowards who, for the credit of humanity, were few in number, stole away into a corner to hide their shame.

“God bless you, young lady !” cried the worthy captain, “God bless you ! If all the women in America were like you, the next generation would be an army of heroes ! Maxwell, my lad, make much of her. I know you love her, and I know she loves you, and I’d have her in spite of all the societies that ever grew—and every heathen might go to grass !”

Having thus given vent to his feelings in a style rendered excusable by the exciting circumstances, he ordered the slide to be removed, and the blushing girl being persuaded that she could

render no assistance, descended, while Mr. Maxwell endeavoured to hide his confusion by being busily engaged in double-shotting the muskets. It was quite unnecessary to re-fasten the slide.

And now approached the time of trial, for our enemy was rapidly gaining upon us; and his shot, which at first had fallen harmlessly in our wake, now whistled by, and skipped on the water far ahead. Orders were given to haul in our studding sails, but not to do it in haste, and this manœuvre apparently succeeded in inducing the pirate to suppose that we had at last paid attention to his summons, and having given up all hope of escape, were shortening sail in order to allow him to come up. In so far, he was right. His firing now ceased, and having taken in every thing above our topsails, we slowly moved on, awaiting his more rapid approach.

Previously to this, the guns had been covered over with old canvass and other rubbish, and the passengers, with several of the crew, stowed snugly away under the bulwarks. To all appearance, the *Cornelia*, both outside and inside, looked as peaceably disposed as a Quaker meeting-house. On—on came our bloody and fearful foe, his black ensign insulting the air that opened its folds, and threatening the most awful calamities to ourselves.

“Steady, my brave fellows, steady!” said the captain; “obey the orders I have given you to

the letter, and with God's help, we'll disappoint his expectations."

"Ship-a-hoy!" came hoarsely over the waters from the brazen mouth of the trumpet.

"Hallo!"

"Where are you from?"

"Boston."

"Where are you bound?"

"East Indies."

"Round to, with your main-topsail to the mast! I will come on board."

By this time the brig was on our starboard quarter, and was preparing to shorten sail; but his mandate not being immediately complied with, he luffed up two points, which increased his speed, and brought him within pistol-shot upon our beam, so that we could distinguish the lines of the ruffian-like countenances, that were all gathered in his larboard gangway, wondering at our useless disobedience. "Do you mean to heave to, sir?" roared their savage commander in a voice of thunder, "answer me!"

He was answered in a way he little expected. A whistle from our Captain—our ports rose, while nearly thirty muskets bristled over the rail, and a storm of iron and lead was poured forth for a reply.

Standing as they did in a body, and so near, this well-directed fire swept them off like chaff before the wind, while their standing and running rigging being cut to pieces by the thousand fly-

ing missiles, sails and spars were brought tumbling down upon the heads of the survivors. Dying groans and yells of agony mingled with savage imprecations, rose upon the air; and as our smoke cleared away, sad was the spectacle of the slain, and vain were the efforts of the living to seek revenge. Our helm was put to starboard, the larboard tacks hauled aboard, and the ship was again under a press of canvass steering on her original course. The pirate succeeded at length in bringing his long tom to bear; but after sending one or two ineffectual shots after us, found that he was so disabled from the havoc made in his larboard rigging, that he could not carry sail on that tack. He accordingly gave up the chase, and wore round with his head to the northward, as when he was first seen.

"Now, then, is the time for thanksgiving," said our sincere commander, calling us aft, when the danger was over. "You have all behaved as I knew you would, but don't let us be too proud of this; it was all directed by the hand of the Lord!" and laying his hat down, as we all did likewise, he exclaimed, raising his eyes toward heaven, "We thank thee, oh God! Unto Thy name be all the praise!"

To this sentiment most hearts responded, and perhaps the only one that did not, was that of Mr. Newman, who took more credit to himself than all others together would claim, endeavouring to prove that he had killed some sixteen pi-

rates with his two bullets, although Ned Simmons, who stood next him, did not hear the report of his musket; and what also threw some additional suspicion upon the courage of our conscientious friend, was the circumstance of one of the muskets being found still to retain its charge.

The ladies now came on deck, of course delighted with the result of the affair, and we believe they had been very quiet, with the exception of Mrs. Snags, who as Tommy said when he went below, was kicking, in another of those "peper-per-plexed" fits, but fearful of a similar catastrophe to what had befallen him once before, he kept a respectful distance from danger, and Mr. Snags coming down, she speedily recovered, by blowing off steam upon him for his cruel neglect of her in such a perilous situation. As to Isabella, when she made her appearance, nobody could, and none of our officers wished, to prevent our giving her three cheers as loud and sincere as those with which we celebrated our victory.

After having crossed the N. E. trade, there is generally more or less of light winds, squalls and calms, until a ship arrives within the limits of the S. E. trade. At some seasons the trades approach so near each other that the delay between them is but trifling; but in the summer months, the interval is frequently five or six hundred miles, and long miles they are indeed.

It was our fate upon this voyage to be longer detained than usual, being thirty days in accom-

plishing this distance, which, with a fair wind, could easily have been done within one-tenth part of the time. For the greater part of these thirty days we were becalmed.

Dr. Watts closes some verses in one of his psalms with this stanza—

“’T is calm, and sailors smile to see,” &c.

Smile in a calm! If there is anything upon the ocean to cast a gloom over every thing, to bring the melancholic fiend into the mind, to subdue patience and Christian resignation, to make people fretful, cross and peevish, to bring on wrinkles and gray hairs, it is a calm! The heaving, rolling and pitching of the ship, day after day, upon the everlasting and glassy swell; a vertical sun, beating down upon us as if the ship was the centre of its burning rays; the ceaseless music of creaking spars and rigging, and the ever continued and heavy flapping of the sails; the consciousness that we are gaining nothing on our voyage, and that so much time is stolen from the sum total of our short existence, causes any thing but a *smile*. It is in vain to talk of books. If any man upon such occasions as this, will read, and understand and remember what he reads, I would like to pay my respects to him, as to a greater philosopher than ancient or modern times have produced. I believe, however, that courtship may progress in a calm, for Mr. Maxwell and Isabella, notwithstanding the saintly horror

of Mrs. Snags, used to pass the dull moments pleasantly enough, and —— but I had intended to say no more of this matter, for 'tis perfectly useless. You know we have settled it long since. They can't be married—for missionary obligations are not so easily evaded as honest Captain Davis would insinuate; and unless Mr. Maxwell became a missionary, the thing, you see, was impossible. * * * *

Oh, dear, that is too bad!

“What?”

Why the steward came in just now, and when the door opened, out went my four last sheets through the cabin window. I had taken so much pains with that part of the story—had collected from memory so many choice incidents—had embellished it with so many charming conversations—had recounted so many narrow escapes—had chronicled our arrival at our destined port, and shed so much light upon the world, as to the manners and customs of the inhabitants, and finally had told you how our missionary friends had been distributed amongst the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and what the ladies must regret the loss of, more than all—there was the parting of Maxwell and Isabella, the last fond embrace—her duty conquering love, as she told him that this was the last meeting they should enjoy upon earth—and then Maxwell's going below to give vent to his anguish! Oh, what a pity! But whether you may be sorry

for my loss or not, I know of some who will rejoice—the printers.

However, the lost sheets went on to say that we loaded the ship and returned home, without accident; and that after remaining there a few weeks, she was despatched again upon a trading voyage, under the command of Captain Edward Maxwell, and that your humble servant was elevated to the station formerly occupied by Mr. Lanyard, and they told you of our arrival abroad.

The character of the Malays is as little understood by people at home, as that of the inhabitants of the moon. They are supposed to be universally destitute of any approach to goodness, and addicted to piracy, murder, and cannibalism. Although there are many instances of cruelty among them, and I may presently have occasion to notice something of the sort, yet as a people they are very far from deserving the censure that has been awarded them. If well treated, they are not treacherous, for they are simple-minded and kind-hearted. I have lived for weeks, the only white man upon an island inhabited by thousands of them, and have gone about unarmed, fearing nothing, and treated with the utmost kindness and attention. The instances upon record of ships having been cut off by them, may be traced directly, or indirectly, to the abominable system of cheating, adopted by *Christians*, who when they have load-

ed 7000 piculs and paid for perhaps 5000, are attacked by these *cruel* people whom they have robbed! though in most cases they are able to get off safe with their booty!

Still many of the Rajahs are tyrannical, and the Rajah of Tringanu was one of these. We touched at that island to complete our cargo, and learned that three American missionaries were there imprisoned for having, as was asserted, endeavoured, by their preaching, to create a rebellion among the people. It was in vain that Capt. Maxwell endeavoured to explain to the Rajah that such could not be their object. He was obstinately convinced that it was, and was resolved to keep them "in durance vile." But at length, when our cargo was completed, he told Capt. Maxwell that they should be liberated upon one condition,—that he would take them home to America, never to return again.

It is not to be supposed that Capt. Maxwell could hesitate. The prison doors were thrown open, and out marched the Rev. Mr. Snags and lady, and a young lady of our acquaintance. Oh, such a scene, such a moment of astonishment; and then such a squeeze as Maxwell gave her!

His promise on their behalf was explained to them, and they could not do otherwise than consent to return—Miss Carroll, of course, *very reluctantly*.

I know not how it was, but probably only to

save appearances, but, at any rate, it seemed advisable that the young lady should change her name before she went on board.

And the Rajah, now perfectly reconciled, offered his house for the performance of that ceremony. All hands came on shore to see that Mr. Snags spliced Miss Carroll in "ship-shape" style to the captain, and the evening's entertainment concluded with a feast of rice and curry, fowls, fruit, and cocoa-nut toddy. The festival was enlivened with dances by some fifty pretty Malays, in which we joined, as much to our own amusement as to that of the natives.

As we weighed anchor on the next morning, we fired a parting salute, which was returned by the battery on shore; and not many months afterwards our owners and friends were pleased to read in the Boston Journal, the arrival of the *Cornelia*, Capt. Maxwell: Passengers—Rev. Mr Snags, Mrs. Snags, and Mrs. Maxwell, (captain's wife.)

TOM BROWN;
OR,
SUPERSTITION.

EVERY community, be it ever so small, has its *character*. By that I mean some one particular person who is odd—so odd as to be denominated, par excellence, “a character.” Why this title should be bestowed upon such individuals, behooves us not now to inquire, for it would take time, and, after all, perhaps, not elicit truth. All admit, and that’s enough, that there are such persons: some of good character, some of bad, and some of no character at all. But my present object is merely to chronicle a recollection or two of my old shipmate, Tom Brown. He was a character among us, and his oddity consisted in a continual propensity for fun. There were few dull hours in the Ellen’s fore-castle; and if ever dulness cast its shadow, (which was all it dared do there,) it

was speedily ejected by a song or a yarn from Tom Brown. Did any one suffer from headache? Tom was there to assure him that it would be better when it was done aching; and if seriously ill, his advice was given to keep a stiff upper lip and a fuzzy eyebrow; adding, that even "kicking the bucket was nothing when a little used to it." Fun at all times he would have—innocent if convenient, mischievous if necessary. "Hooking manavilins" was a favourite amusement with him: not so much for gratifying his appetite, as for exercising his dexterity and enjoying the astonishment of the cook at their miraculous disappearance; but his chef-d'œuvre in this line was this: One day all but himself and two others were below at dinner; it was nearly two bells—the captain in the cabin—the mate writing up his log—the second mate aloft on the mizen—the steward laying his table—and the cook just taking up the cabin dinner, which consisted chiefly of a magnificent turkey.

"Now, boys," says Tom, "now's the time! Charley, scare up the pigs in the long-boat!"

Now "the doctor" always kept a watchful eye on the pigs, considering them particularly under his jurisdiction, and holding himself in some measure accountable for their good behaviour. Hearing there was some angry discussion among his "kitchen cabinet," he rushed out

from one of the galley doors, while Tom quietly entered by the other, abstracting the turkey and stowing it under his jacket, and in less time than has been occupied in narrating it, he was looking into the opposite side of the boat, asking the doctor what ailed the pigs!

"I dun know," said he, "dey's kickin' up bobbery here. I believe you fellers was plagin' 'em. Dare, keep-a-still now, will ye, dare's a good hog, so."—

"Two bells!"

"Two bells!" echoed the cook.

"Yes," said the steward, coming forward.

"Whar yar dinner?"

"Here be, all ready."

Alas, *humanum est errare*, which signified in this instance, "You don't always find your turkey where you think it is." While the two darkies were gazing, horror-stricken, at the deserted dish, Tom shouted, "What's that dog got? My eyes! if it aint the captain's dinner! Doctor! I say," and with this exclamation, he and his two comrades pounced upon the unoffending "Bose" and bore him down into the lee scuppers, whence, after a severe scuffle, Tom disengaged himself from the melee, flourishing the mangled remains of the turkey torn—by no teeth as yet, but by his own hand. The captain, who by this time was on deck, was very excusably angry. He scolded the steward, kicked the cook, ropes-ended the dog; *who wouldn't?* but

as to eating a turkey bitten to pieces in that manner—*who would?*

“Heave that turkey overboard!” said he.

“Please sir,” said Tom, “it will save the ship some salt junk, if you’ll let us eat it, forward.”

“Eat it, then, and be hanged to you,” said the skipper, with a look savouring of ipecacuanha, “and take some swill for your sauce, if you like!”

Declining the generous offer of the sauce, the three conspirators made a hearty meal of roast turkey, though sneered at by their shipmates, who were as ignorant of the joke as were the party in the cabin, who, it is to be hoped, enjoyed their dinner of salt beef.

Every one knows that sailors, as a class, are superstitious; but there are not many on shore who know to what length superstition often extends among them. It is more or less prevalent among all sailors. One of the most ridiculous examples of this, may be found among the native sailors of Java, who compose the crews of all the Dutch country ships. One of their gross fancies is, that it is not only unlucky, but exceedingly impious, to sail in a ship whose masts are stepped in a contrary direction to the way in which they grew.

Although so stepping a mast is often very convenient, in order to have the bigness of the spar above deck, where it is most needed, yet the

builders are obliged to forego this advantage, otherwise not a man could be found, who, upon any conditions, would sail in the vessel. The Chinese are overflowing with superstition. Their "chin-chinning Josh," is well known to many. This operation consists in beating gongs and burning paper, by which means they either intend to propitiate the divinity, or, what would seem to us more probable, torment him, for a fair wind. Another of their strange whims I was once witness to, being at that time a passenger from Singapore to Penang, on board a country brig, belonging to the Chinese, some thirty or forty of which nation, besides a fair assortment of Malays, Bengalese, Arabs, and some of every other nation, (at all events, there were eleven languages in use,) were my fellow-passengers. When off Malacca, we were suddenly struck by one of those furious squalls known as "Sumatras." It was quite enough for a good ship under good management, but in this crazy old brig, so crowded with people as to cover the decks—each owner of which, (there were half a dozen,) assuming the part of captain; no orders, consequently, obeyed; and nothing to be seen or heard besides the wind and rain, but clamour and confusion; it was like Mr. Pickwick's game with the lawyers, "too exciting to be pleasant." In the midst of it all, I observed that the Chinese were collected upon the taffrail, and making exertions to get hold of the ensign halliards, which they

finally accomplished, and bent on a flag, (if recollection serves me right, a white one) which they triumphantly ran up, and then remained watching the result very calmly. In the meantime, the vessel lay nearly on her beam ends, and the trysail sheet having parted, the sail laid hard against the main rigging, so that the brig would not fall off. I had laid hold of the wheel, which I hove hard up, while my companion crawled up the trysailmast and cut the old sail, so that it blew away, and we went off safely before the wind; which the Chinese firmly believed resulted from their having displayed the "storm flag." During this time the Hindoos, Arabs, Parsees, Siamese, and the other tribes, were not idle in the performance of their peculiar prostrations and genuflections, and loud calls upon their various prophets and deities, to whose good influences they individually attributed their escape. I was silently thankful that the trifle of common sense, which Capt. O'Dogherty and myself had brought to bear upon the business, had been the means of saving all hands. But failing in his attempts to convince others of this, my friend came near to getting "a broth of a bating," for ridiculing the white flag and abusing the "consaited haithin," whose "divils," he said, "if they existed at all, were so far underground as not to know starboard from port, nor a trysailmast from a flying jib-boom." Spaniards, Portuguese, and all Mediterranean sailors partake largely of super-

stition ; but perhaps not much more so than their countrymen on shore ; the nature of their religion engrafting it upon them all. Among these people, it is mostly confined to a stupid veneration of saints, whom they regard as possessed of as much power as O'Dogherty's "haithin" fancy their "underground divils" are gifted with. Every change of wind, calm, storm or sunshine with them, savours of the miraculous ; and to their minds, there seems to be nothing natural, unless it be food, drink, and laziness.

The superstition of Dutch, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian sailors, of whom there are a great number in our merchant service, consists chiefly in a belief in demonology and witchcraft. The oft-repeated tale of the Flying Dutchman, so familiar to all, is firmly credited by the greater part of these men. They fancy, among other absurdities, that the inhabitants of Finland are possessed by evil spirits, and are consequently very shy of sailing in a vessel with a Fin on board. If they should be so unfortunate as to be thrown into his company, they will not fail to attribute any misfortune that may occur during the voyage, to his presence ; for they look upon him with awe ; as a wizard, who holds their lives in his control. The English, Irish and Scotch, are also very credulous ; the latter perhaps less so than the former, although they sometimes tell wonderful tales about "the bogles." But there is a general belief among Brit-

ish seamen, in ghosts, hobgoblins, dreams, and supernatural warnings, lucky and unlucky ships and sailing days, and many more strange fancies of the sort. Ghost stories innumerable might be here repeated, which I have been told in the fore-castle, by these fellows, which they as implicitly believed as they did in their own being ; and to dispute the probability of which, would be entering into a quarrel with them at once.

No one can doubt that superstitious notions are generally owing to a want of education ; and as far as seamen are concerned, this is sufficiently evident when we see how little, American sailors are tinctured with them. Though the influence of example is powerful, and they are continually brought into contact with the ruff-scuff of all nations, and must in a greater or less degree imbibe some of their ideas, still their early education restrains their credulity, and very few of them are to be found who place any confidence in supernatural agency. It is as rare to find an American seaman who cannot sign his name to the articles, as it is to find an English sailor who can. Although the latter sometimes deface the paper with an unintelligible combination of pothooks, they generally merely make their "mark ;" but I have seldom seen a Yankee-born sailor who could not write his name. This early education is their safeguard from superstition and other debasing vices, and shows itself one of the inestimable advanta-

ges which our beloved country enjoys over all other nations of the earth.

Why, Tom Brown! how I have run away from you; gone off dead to leeward on another chase. I'll brace up, then, down tacks and aft sheets! So—now we are alongside again, I'll tell that little story to which what I've been saying is incidental, as is the tail of a cape sheep to his hind legs, and then good-bye to you, dear Tom, for to-night, for I am growing sleepy, and so perhaps will my readers.

"Starboard-watch, ahoy! Eight bells there, below—tumble up!" sounded from the fore-scuttle one night. Well, the watch of course obeyed the summons, and came on deck yawning and rubbing their eyes.

"Hallo!" cried one of the others, "what are you all turning out for at six bells?"

"Six bells! what did you call us for then, and say it was eight?"

"Who called you?"

"Why, you, or some of your watch."

It was in vain for the larboard watch to protest that they had done no such thing, for all below heard the voice. Mutual recriminations ensued, and the disturbance was only quieted by the appearance of the mate. There was nothing more occurred that night; but at six bells of the next, again came the voice, which roused them once more upon deck. Then ensued a

fiercer quarrel than before, the watch on deck making oath that they had not called them, and they in turn swearing that they were called. Things began to look serious, and it was suggested by some one, and immediately voted, that it was the work of a ghost! For several nights the voice was still, but many could not sleep; but at last, after watching long, one bright moonshiny night, came the dreadful voice again, in clear and distinct tones—

“Starboard watch, ahoy! Eight bells there below, tumble up!”

The hail was heard by all hands on deck and below, and if there had been doubt before, there was none now—it was a ghost! In the midst of the universal consternation, Tom proposed to exorcise him, saying he had seen it done, and thought he could do it himself and drive the spirit off. He accordingly arranged some kids and tin pots in a circle, constituting himself the centre, and repeated a quantity of gibberish, which he said was Latin, and then confidently expressed the opinion that the ghost would never come again. And he never did come again, for in addition to the exorcism, Tom stowed away the old hookah-pipe which he had led up from his berth up underneath the ladder, and from which the startling hail so oft proceeded! The latter part of this performance did not become public, and Tom Brown accordingly became a great man; and to do him justice, he exercised very temperately

the office he ever after held on board the Ellen, as "bully of the forecastle;" and he and this ghost story have doubtless obtained a great notoriety—the latter, as the bookmakers say, being "revised and corrected, with notes and annotations, with preface and appendix," and insisted upon by the narrators as entitled to the fullest belief, "*for they were there !*"

HARRY SPANKER'S LOVE STORY.

[THE starboard watch of the "Isabella" were seated upon the forecastle, as usual, one fine night, in the trades, amusing each other with divers yarns. As the last one ended, Harry Spanker fetched a sigh and looked at the moon, remarking in reference to its phasis and the story just recited, "That moon and your twister, Sam, clapt together, reminds me of something I'd almost forgot, about my running foul of a snag, too—that is, being in love. Let me see—it was about ten years ago—no it wasn't—that wan't the time I mean; I believe I got foul of a worse one, a year or two after that scrape—but hows'ever, that wouldn't be much of a yarn neither—so I'll pitch you something that happened afore either of 'em.

"You see we were on the east coast of Sumatra, a loadin' betel nut for China. Now you must know, there's a good deal of ceremony and gum game both sides in that business. First place, the ship comes to, off one of the towns—

yes, *towns* they call 'em—sort of hog pens ranged in tiers, in the streets. Well, the ship bangs away a salute, and the captain goes ashore. After tumbling over the surf, you get into what they call a river, which is just no more nor no less than a dirty creek—but I'm blessed, if these rivers ain't well fortified—naturally fortified like. D'ye see, Jonathan, the banks are lined with alligators, about forty-five foot long, stowed close together, for the matter of three miles, till you git to the town. They're bred to keep guard—sort o' sodgers. So an enemy can't land nowhere, 'cause they'd swallow a whole ship's company, and if you fire at 'em, they'll just shut their mouths, and being that their eyes is the only port-holes left to fire into, they're all furnished by government with thick iron blinkers, so all they have to do is just to wink, and this machine drops,—besides, it's dangerous firing at 'em any way, for they'll sometimes catch the ball on the end of their noses and send it back again at you. Hows'-ever, being at peace with the country, they didn't trouble us. What I looked at, though, first time going up one of the rivers, was the telegraphic monkeys."

"What's a telegraphic monkey?" asked Jonathan.

"Why," replied Harry, "Signal monkeys means the same thing. The number of 'em depends on how long the river is; they generally

average one to a quarter of a mile or so; they're stationed on the tallest trees, and have tails about five fathom long. They're educated to tie up these tails in different kinds of knots. I took 'em to be Malay letters. They're to let the Rajah know who's coming up river. So when we got there, the old fellow was all ready to receive us. There he sat, on a bamboo grating, tailor fashion, with a skull cap on, and twenty or thirty fellows squatting round him and making salaams. We shoved the boat into the landing, and our skipper jumps ashore and walks right towards him, not taking off his hat, nor making a hoop of himself, nor nothin'.

The old Rajah looked mad at first, and his understrappers looked shocked, for they think their Rajah is a touch above our President. "Taby, Tuan," growled the old fellow, at last. That means "Good morning, sir," d'ye see. "Good morning," says the skipper; "don't care if I sit down:" and with that he planks himself upon the grating alongside of him. The Rajah soon found that it was no use to try to come dignity over our captain, or else he wouldn't trade with him. So they palavered away for a while, and when they got through, we shoved off and went aboard; and I noticed that just as we got over the bar, the last telegraphic monkey cocked his tail up and made an O of it, which meant, I suppose, "they're Off."

"That's all very true, no doubt," said Jona-

than; "but what's it to do with your being in love?"

"You're green yet," said Harry; "you don't know nothin' about a yarn. Don't you always reeve the gear and rig out the boom first, afore you set a stu'n-sail; and which takes longest to get ready, or to set it? Don't you know, too, that if the gear is rove shipshape and nothin' foul, the sail hoists out all the easier, though it may be nothin' but a small kite of a royal stu'n-sail after all? Well, the next day off comes the old Rajah in his prahu to return the visit. We had the decks cleaned, and the pigs stowed away—for it won't do to let 'em touch a pig or see one. It's against their religion to eat pork, 'cause how, I suppose they look upon it as a sort of cannibalism. So the old chap bundled himself up the side, followed by a whole gang of lackeys, and the captain had a dinner for him. The steward said he wouldn't drink any liquor at the table. It was against his religion to drink afore folks, just as it is with some tee-totalers, but after dinner he winked at one of his boys, who fisted all the bottles and passed them into the prahu, telling the rest of 'em it was "eyer manis"—a kind of sweetened water they drink. Fact was, he was conscientious, and didn't like to set a bad example.

Well, the old fellow and the captain began to make a bargain for betel nut. But the Rajah wanted his money afore he'd give the nut, and

the skipper wanted the nut afore he'd pay for it—and there they were at loggerheads. So the old Rajah, finding he couldn't get the money, took off his skull cap and began to scratch his head—for an idea, I suppose. At last he got one.

"I'll tell you what, captain," says he. "Give me one of your men for security, and you shall have five hundred dollars' worth of nut, and then you pay for it, and so go on again."

You see the old chap set some value upon a sailor. I wish folks at home did the one hundredth part as much. The captain said he was willing, but he wouldn't force any of us to go—he'd call for a volunteer.

Up jumps I, for I knew the old man wouldn't go off and leave me; and besides I took a fancy to the old Rajah, 'cause he valued a sailor so high.

"Very well," says the captain, "behind and behave yourself ashore, and don't get into any scrapes."

"Ay, ay, sir," says I, and down I went and bundled up all my clean clothes and borrowed one or two white shirts from the second dick-ey, so as to look respectable amongst the heathens. I minded how the skipper come it over the Rajah ashore, and so I jumps into the stern sheets of the prahu, took out a cigar, and troubled him for a light, and then advised him to

throw away his roco and take a long nine. He looked confounded hard at me at first, but just then the ship give us a salute, and that tickled him so, he got good-natured, give me a light, and took a long nine—then he puffed away at it and said, "Bagoose!" I thought at first he was calling me a goose, but I found out afterwards that it meant "good!"

By the time we got into the river we were pretty sociable, considerin' we couldn't understand a word of each other's lingo. The telegraphic monkeys stuck up their tails on end twice, which meant that there was two of us, and the alligator guards salaamed with their fore paws over their noses, and looked as military as the dandy companies at home that make forced marches over railroads. On a pinch I think they'd fight as well too. Their principles is better than our sodgers, who never can make a campaign without shovin' an *h* into the word, but these chaps nat'rally take to water.

We landed in style at the town, and the old chap was off to his harem, leaving his understrappers to look out for me. First, though, he made a short speech to me, which the interpreter turned over into some sort of English. The amount of it was, "that he considered me a pretty clever chap, and as long as I behaved myself, I should live like a fightin' cock; but when I didn't, I should be cooked for the alligators."

They marched me off to a decent-looking hut, and sarved me up a supper in style, on silver dishes, and then two servants came and said they'd lend me a hand to undress; but I kicked them out, and when I got ready, I turned in. Well, you see, I was in clover, as you'd say, Jonathan. Breakfast was sarved the same way next morning, but after that I felt lonesome, so I called over to see Mr. Rajah, and we had a smoke together till our chaps comes ashore. Soon as I see the boat a coming, I comes tailor too along side of the old boy, and shoves a fist full of betel nut into my mouth, and kicked two boys. I began to feel big like an office-holder. "Taby, tuan," says I to the skipper, touchin' my hat. He laughed, and the old boy looked good-natured. So I calls my two servants, and takes the boat's crew over to my house, and give 'em a blow out, while the Rajah and the captain was having their palaver. By and by the old man sung out for the boat, and they went off. Then I just took a cruise round the town. All the heathens was very civil to me, and called me "Tuan"—that's "Mister," you see—or rather it means a bit more—"Your honor," or the like of that.

Well, so I killed the first day, and had a good dinner and supper; but then I began to feel lonesome again at evening, and just as I was casting about what to do, in comes the interpreter, and

says the Rajah wanted me to come over and see the dance.

"Dance!" says I, "that's the ticket!" So up I gets and follows over to the Rajah's. Afore I got there, I heard the tum-tums, and fifes, and bells. Well, there was the ball-room—not exactly a room, neither, for it was all out doors. Rajah made a motion to me to come up and sit alongside of him; so we looked right down upon the dancers, who were girls, and some pretty ones, too. They were rigged flashy, and had bells and clappers stopped to 'em all over; and the bright lights would glisten on their gold and silver gear.

Rajah looks at me as much as to say: "Have you got anything that'll come up to this in America?" I thought it was best to keep on the right side of him, so I says: "They do beat our dancers out and out;" and it wasn't much of a lie neither, for they beat 'em a good deal in modesty. But there was one! oh dear, it makes me sigh again; she was a touch above extra; her hair was black, her eyes were black; to be sure her skin was a little blackish, too, but not much; and she had a smile on her face that set like a handsome cut topsail to new smooth spars; her neck and shoulders was like a neat mast coat, and she was catharpened in snug; her counters was rounded off, just enough to be handsome; and when you get down to her floor-timbers, all I can say is, that nature got 'em out neat.

I couldn't look at any of the rest of 'em, tho' she took no notice of me at first; but by and by, when Rajah gets asleep, she looks at me once in a while, and soon seeing that I was looking at her all the time, she got to looking at me all the time, too. So that often, when it came her turn to go round, she missed stays, and had to ware. At last, in waring, she got foul of some of the rest of the fleet, and that interfered with the whole order of sailing. This made such a noise that it woke old Rajah up, and as he happened to wake up cross, he sung out, "Suda!" that means "enough," you see, and they all made sail out of the ring. But Lulu (that was her name) made a stern board of it, exchanging signals with me all the time till she got out.

Boys, I was in for it! I didn't know which end I stood on, but I managed to bid the Rajah "good night," told him it was "*bagoose*," and went over to my house. But I couldn't sleep a wink. I tried to think what folks ought to do, that's in love. At last I remembered reading in a book that somebody that was sick of the same disorder used "to gaze on the silver moon and the radiant stars what floated about in the azure sea of ether." So I gits up, knocks out one of the deadlights, and looked aloft. But I got tired of it, and turned in again—but I couldn't git asleep. So I turns out once more, and goes out doors to walk a bit. I was walking along, slow,

a thinking of Lulu, when I heard a soft voice alongside of me whisper, "Tuan."

Did you ever touch one of them 'lectric machines ashore? Well, you felt a little as I did then! I was struck all aback, but I looked round, and just then the star Venus struck into them eyes, and shone back into mine again, so that I went off like a keg of powder. I can't sit still now and think of it. However, after the flusterfication was over, we got sot down on a bamboo log, and found that different lingos makes little difference in love. There we sot, and though the toads, and lizards, and land-crabs crawled round us, I couldn't find it in my heart to hurt 'em, I was so happy myself; and when I put my arm round her neck, it was as if forty thousand of them 'lectric machines was rubbing us both all over. The long and short of it was, that it was two bells of the morning watch afore we went home. Well, you see I was in love.

Love, I say, is a nat'ral thing. Folks ashore falls in love. I've heard of Indians falling in love, and niggers I know does, for I've seen 'em put their lips together like four beefsteaks. So I don't see why sailors hasn't a right to their share!

Rajah used to have the dances almost every night, and every night I used to walk with Lulu and sit down on the bamboo log, and I soon got so that I could say sweet things to her in Malay. I was happy as a clam at high water! When

the captain came ashore, he used to ask me if I didn't want to be relieved, but I told him I was very well off, and as Rajah took a fancy to me, he let me stay.

But there's an end to the middle watch; there's an end to the world; there's an end to a long yarn, and there's an end to love. At last we got in all the cargo we were to take in at Qualla Mengallan; and the captain came ashore, and told me we were to go down to Sawang next day; and I was to go off aboard with him. I never felt worse, and I looked—I don't know how.

"I suppose you are glad to hear it," says he.

"No, sir, I'm not," says I. "I should like to stop here forever."

"What!" says he.

"I should like to stop here forever and ever Amen, sir!" says I.

"What to do?" says he. "Eat rice and curry, drink cocoanut milk, and—?"

"And marry Lulu, sir," says I. "Now it's out!"

He looked one way, and then t'other way, for a minute, and then roared out, "Get into the boat, sir!"

"Let me go over to the house, sir," says I, "and get my traps."

"No!" says he; "I'll send one of the other men for them."

I didn't get into the boat, for I sort o'dropped

in. In two or three minutes we shoved off, and just as we got into the stream, down comes poor Lulu on the bank, with her hands clasped over her bosom, and the salt water a-runnin' out of her scuppers. I took off my neck handkerchief and waved it, then the boat shot round a point, and that was the last I ever saw of Lulu. I didn't get over it for a fortnight!

When we got down to Sawang, I found a fellow who spoke English, about going up to Qualla Mengallan. So I wrote a bit of poetry, and sent it up, and got him to translate it for her, and she answered it."

"Come, come," said Charley Brail, "that's a little too much."

"She did, though," said Harry; "she wrote it on a piece of plantain bark, and I shouldn't wonder if it was in my chest now. This is what it was:

'Tuan manis, mana blaya
Kenapa kata sama saya?
Kalou mata hari t'ada,
Bulan banya sakit ada.
Lulu panggil s'rivou kalee,
Jangan ratan dia cumbalee!'

There! d'ye believe it now?"

"What is the English of it?" asked Charley, somewhat staggered.

"Look it out in the dictionary," replied Harry, "same as folks has to do, that reads French and Italian in novels."

But though Harry was not disposed to gratify

Charley's curiosity, I have no disposition to leave my fair readers—(and I am quite confident that I have some)—in ignorance—for the title "Love Story" is sure always to attract their attention. It amounts to something like the following:

"I sit alone in tears forlorn,
My lover and my friend is gone,
Ah, so would fade the queen of night,
Should but the sun withdraw his light.
I call a thousand times in vain,
Thy voice I ne'er shall hear again!"

"Well, well," said Charley, "it may part of it be true."

"It's founded on fact," replied Harry.

"But there's one thing I don't hardly believe," continued Charley; "that is, them what d'ye call 'em monkeys; and as for them cold water sodgers, the thing aint according to natur, so it can't be true. I don't like your 'founded on fact' yarns, any way; I like *the truth*. Now I'll tell you something *true*."

"EIGHT BELLS, THERE!" sang out the second mate.

"Ah, that's better than a yarn, any time. Strike the bell eight, Jonathan, and I'll pitch my yarn to-morrow night."

CHARLEY BRAIL'S TRUE STORY.

The middle watch of the next night, found the same company seated on the forecastle, that listened to Harry Spanker's edifying yarn, during the first watch of the night preceding.

"Now, then, Charley," said Harry, "for that yarn of yours! I spun a twister last night, and you said you was going to give us something *true* to-night. You wouldn't believe what I told you."

"Yes, I will," replied Charley, "if you'll believe mine. I'm going to tell 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' as they say in Court, when they expect you to make out the best story you can on one side, and keep dark about t'other. They goes on the principle there, that there's three things alike—truth, a Manila hawser, and a lawyer's conscience—they can all shrink and stretch, and yet they're all amazing tough. Truth is a queer thing any way. I heard a minister preach once from the text, 'What is truth?' and he made it out that every-

body was a liar but him, and like enough a fellow on t'other side, would have made him out a bigger liar than all of 'em."

Having thus prefaced his remarks, Charley fortified his mouth with a fresh supply of the weed, that while his tongue was wagging, his masticators might not remain unemployed. "So here goes," he continued, "but first let me ask you, if you was ever in Batavia, any of you?"

"No? Well, then, I wouldn't advise you to try it. Of all the dirty, sickly holes in this world, that is the worst. Orleans and Havana ain't to be mentioned the same day. That Java is a fine island and has plenty of high land, where it is as healthy as it is at home, and plenty of good harbours, where they might have cities—but you see it was settled by the Dutchmen, and they thought they couldn't live without they could look into a canal, no more than they could live without gin and tobacco—just 'cause they had 'em at home. So they goes to work and picks out the nastiest swamp on the whole island, and digs canals and builds brick houses with old-fashioned glass windows and shutters, hot enough for bake-houses in Russia, and then they lays down and dies off like sheep—very contented 'cause all round looks so much like home! That's the way it's sickly in the town, but it's worse in the roads.

"The sun is powerful hot all day, excepting

now and then when it rains like it did in Noah's time, and then it clears off so quick, and the sun comes so hot, that your wet clothes a'most scald you. There's a canal about two miles long, that runs up to the town; and when you pull up this canal early of a morning, the smell is worse than a Spanish kitchen. The land breeze comes off at night and blows till eight o'clock in the morning. This wind brings off all this nosegay among the shipping, and there's yellow fever or fever and ague in every puff of it. Now mind what I tell you, if ever you have to go there: *Don't go ashore to stop over night*, unless you go out to the country,—and that sailors can't well do. *Don't sleep on deck*—mind that; and *don't drink any of their infernal arrack*. If you once get that fever, you're very apt to kick the bucket right off; and if you get over it, you'll never be as well as before. Now this is all true. The rest of my yarn, I expect Harry to believe when I believe his.

“Well, I got the fever and ague shocking bad, and had to go to the hospital. That's a fine building out in the country, and I should have had a first rate time there; only I was sick, and they wouldn't allow me anything to eat till I got better, when they give me mosquito broth, and I soon got so as to eat a small piece of the breast. The Batavia mosquito is very delicate eating; when he's cooked, you can't tell one from a large wild turkey; but when they're flying, you can

always tell 'em by the length of their bills; besides, they're white, and flap their wings different.

“The hospital was chock full. There were about four hundred of us in it, on an average. Sometimes ninety or a hundred would die of a day, but we soon had our complement again, and so we kept about square. You've heard of the fever and ague out West; how they shake themselves out of bed? But it won't begin with it in Batavia. They're obliged to have iron bedsteads at the hospital, with sides to 'em like a bunk, so a fellow *can't* shake himself out. One night a chap, that was in the next tier to me, got a fit on him. The room shook so, it woke me up, and it wan't long afore the iron bedstead went to pieces, and the fellow shook all over the ward like a drop of quicksilver on a shovel. The noise woke up one of the nurses, who said the fit was rather severer than common.

“Sometimes when a hundred or two get the fit together, you might hear the bones rattle for a quarter of a mile; however, the building is strong. You see where these front teeth are gone? Well, I shook 'em out there. It's a dreadful thing, is the fever and ague! I think it accounts for earthquakes. I wouldn't like to be aboard of a down east ship with a man who had one of these fits on him; she wouldn't be safe. But I don't like to think of it. I have to hold on to this bitt now for fear the thoughts of it might shake me overboard!

“Finally I got well, for I shook it all out, and

then I was adrift, for the ship had sailed long before, and there was no other American in port. But I couldn't afford to be idle, and so I shipped on board of a Dutchman rather than starve. You see there had been a row up to the northward of Borneo, between the natives and some Dutchmen, and so the government were going to punish the Natives. The *Natives*, you know, were to blame of course. The Dutch government thought so any way, just as ours did when they sent out a frigate to the West Coast of Sumatra to burn down a town, 'cause the people didn't like to be cheated. I tell you what, if government had sent out by that frigate as many dollars as the Malays have been cheated out of by Americans, she'd have drawn more water than she did.

“But to go on with my yarn: A man o' war and some sodgers was to be sent up to this place to kill a few Natives, and our vessel was taken up for one of the transports. It was in the northerly monsoon, and as the port was dead to windward, fifty days was allowed to be a fair passage, considering the vessels were all dull sailers and Dutch. The skippers got their instructions from the Commodore, which was to keep company and mind his signals; but if they should get separated, to get into port the best way they could. So we got underweigh and went along very comfortable for three or four days, getting

to the eastward through the Java Sea, keeping close together and obeying signals all right.

"It was on the sixth day out, when we got abreast of the south east land of Borneo. The old commodore was doubtful whether he had better try to beat up the Straits of Macassar, or try some of the eastern passages. While he was thinking about it, he spoke a fourteen hundred ton ship, belonging to Messrs. Rowland & Co. of London, homeward bound, with a full cargo of oil from Macassar, and she reported such strong southerly currents in the Straits, that the commodore concluded to square away for the eastward. The captain of this ship (her name was the "Oleagenous") sent aboard of us to see if he could get some scissors. His hair growed so by smelling the oil, that he'd wore out two or three pair of 'em; and as to the men, poor fellows, that had been obliged to work amongst the casks, the hair growed all over 'em so fast, that they had to spell one another, a singeing it off.

"Well, after the old commodore made signals to square away, we stood along for about five miles, when it died away nearly calm; and as the current was against us, the old chap made signal for the fleet to anchor. Now, our skipper thought that as there was twenty-five or thirty fathoms of water and the wind so light, that the stream would hold as well as the best bower. So we clewed up our sails, cleared away the stream and let it go. But what do you think,

boys! As soon as that stream was gone, and about forty fathom of chain ran out and nipped, instead of fetching us up, her head flew round to the northward, and she went ahead at the rate of eleven knot an hour, which was four knot faster than the old 'Vrow Julie' ever went before.

"'Give her more chain!' cried the skipper—'Donder und blitzen!' says he, 'what's the matter? Clear away both bowers!'

But every body was so frightened they could not do a thing. In a minute or two the commodore set the Vrow Julie's number with the signal to anchor, and kept hauling it up and down to make us take notice of it. But we kept on. Then he fired a gun to wake us up. On we stivered, and then came a shot a whistling by us. Then he waited a minute or two to see if we minded that, and finding we didn't, he sent another—but that fell short, and he didn't try again!

"All this time we were frightened enough—there was the commodore's shots a booming after us—there was the stream chain a tendin' out right ahead, and there was we a going like a chain of greased lightning, whipped by a thunderbolt.

"'Dis-ist-ter-tuyvel!' said the skipper; 'I believe he's got hold of the Vrow Julie.' Then he looked in the binnacle and see that she headed N. N. E. Now that was the course into the

Straits of Maccassar. So he grunted and hitched up his breeches, and ordered the helm to be put amidships, having come to the conclusion that if it was 'ter tuyvel,' he was a pretty good pilot in those seas. So he lights his pipe, gets a compass out on the poop, and sits down to take the bearings of the points and islands as we went by them. And it was about as much as one man could attend to, let me tell you. Away we went, then, dead to windward, up the Straits of Macassar. The skipper's taking it so cool, made us do so too ; so we laid aloft, and give the sails a snug furl. The old mate stuck his eyes out of his head, at making figures in the log-book he never made before.

" 'Never mind,' said the skipper, 'boys, as long as she goes the right way, let her go ; and when she don't, we'll slip the chain.' And so he loaded his pipe again, and called for a coal of fire, and a glass of gin.

" Well, she did go just right ; for when she got abreast of Pulo Laut, she kept up due north, and shaped a course slap through the Paternosters. After she'd cleared them, she kept off again N.N.E. ; and of course, when she got Haring's Island to bear S. E., why there we was in the Sooloo Sea, and the skipper went below to get a snooze ! But he couldn't sleep long—that is, for a Dutchman—not more than fifteen hours or so, afore it was time to look out for the Tawee Islands ; but here she went all right again.

To make a long story short, in two days from letting go our anchor, we were off Madura Bay, where we were bound !

“ Now then, Mr. Von Smokesleepandgin,” says the skipper to the mate, “ we’ll get ready to slip the chain. But just as we were going to do it, the ship went over a bar that laid across the mouth of the harbor with three or four fathom water on it, and all at once she stopped and swung to the wind ! Thirty-eight days afterward, the rest of the fleet came in !

“ Did you ever find out how you got there so quick ?” asked Jonathan.

“ Yes, we did,” replied Charley Brail, “ for we had no sooner come to a stand still, than a large whale came up alongside, a looking very tired and sweaty, and a good deal chafed about the blow-hole. We had dropped the fluke of the stream anchor into it, and it scared him so he set out to run away, but you see he had to take us with him ! We happened to go right, but I don’t suppose he knew that bar was there, for it’s an out-of-the-way place, and ain’t often called at by ships nor whales. So he struck on it, and in trying to clear himself, he rolled over, and our anchor dropped out.”

DAVID WILLIAMS, THE STEWARD.

THERE was, on board the Maria, a functionary common to all ships, called a steward, who was certainly a curiosity. The shining black of his complexion would vie with the reflected image of the sun in a tar-barrel; between his saucer lips were seen two or three tobacco-stained tusks, when he deigned to smile. His eyes resembled two parched peas, and his wool partook about equally of black and white. Flesh and blood he had little of, but of skin and bone a very fair proportion. His understanding was rather limited, his two little toes being among the missing, which circumstance can be best explained in his own language.

“Why, sar, I tell you just how dese here toes been come gone. You see I was gwoin to Batavia in the H——, long with Captain Ned B——, three years done gone since last winter. We cotched a northeaster in the bay, in quinsiconse of which my toes got friz, as it was, preternatural cold. Well, when they got thawed, they

was excruciating sore; and when we got to Batavia the excruciating preponderated most excessive. So one day the doctor come board and look at 'em. 'Teward,' says he, 'I'll amptate 'em to-morrow.' 'Stremely obliged,' says I. So next day off come doctor. 'Git up on table dare,' says he. So I gets up. Wall, he takes out a most opprobious looking knife.

"'Hullo, doctor,' says I, 'what you gwoin do?'

"'Cut your toes off,' says he.

"'Cut my toes off?' says I; 'why I t'o't you was gwoin to *amptate* 'em.'

"'So I am,' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'ain't amptate a kind of poultice?'

"Well, if dat are Dutch doctor didn't laugh! Howsever, he cut 'em bofe off, and I larnt what 'amptate' meant, without a dictionary."

"Steward!"

"Good gracious, dare's the old man hollerin' arter me!" and David hobbled down the companion way on his eight toes, faster than you or I would have done on ten.

If my readers have never been passengers, let me tell them that they will always find themselves more comfortable by keeping on the right side of this important personage, who, though he seldom dares to be impudent, is often sulky, and performs services negligently for those who happen to fall under the ban of his displeasure. I have seen such unfortunate individuals with

their hands in the suds, minus a towel, singing out, "Steward!!" to the peril of their lungs, while the darkey was on deck, leisurely cleaning boots for his favourites, and muttering to himself, "Holler way dare—do your troat good!" Now as I happened to be a passenger, I was naturally desirous of having all the comforts that situation is capable of; for at best it is often a miserable one. The cook is a happier man than a passenger on a long voyage, especially if the latter chance to be a seaman. One has little to interest himself about. Books are overhauled and laid aside; meals eaten, and, for want of exercise, with difficulty digested; for, when you walk the deck, you are sure to be in some one's way; if you catch hold of the weather main brace to benefit your muscles, it is insinuated that there are enough to work ship without you; and if you chance to look aloft, the captain looks thunder clouds, as if he thought that you were criticising the trim of the sails. Oh, that was a long tedious passage!

However, as I was remarking, having a desire to be as comfortable as circumstances would permit, I speedily insinuated myself into the good graces of the steward, by means of old shirts and trowsers, tobacco and cigars, and kind words; but this enviable position was attended with this slight inconvenience, that all the griefs which swelled his gentle bosom, found vent in

my ears. Many were the mournful tales I was compelled to listen to, unable to afford relief, especially when they concerned the "old man," who often amused himself with banging the steward's head against a bulk-head, to the imminent danger of the latter head. The only tittle of consolation I could give him for this frequent cause of complaint, was advice to be thankful that his shins escaped uninjured.

The other passenger was a young gentleman, who, perhaps, from neglecting such sage advice as I have been giving, enjoyed but little of David's good will, and received no more attention and service from him than he was absolutely obliged to render. His clothes were never brushed, his state-room left in disorder till night, and sundry other negligences he experienced, all which he bore as best he could, until a sudden revolution took place, after this wise.

I was taking my accustomed walk after breakfast, one fine Saturday morning, and had just turned aft towards the companion-way, when out rushed David therefrom, with bristling wool, and a most demoniac expression of countenance, jumping on deck, the image of rage and ugliness combined.

"Hallo!" I exclaimed, "what now? you look like a scared crow, what's the matter?"

"What-a-matter, sar? Oh gorry, you want to know what-a-matter? Why, he 'truck me, yes,

sar, dat are young man 'truck me!" And David's fury was ungovernable.

"I'll tear out a liver! I'll pull out a gizzard! I'll hab his heart's blood!" All which exclamations were accompanied with such antic gestures as put the mate into a choking fit of laughter, and would have operated upon me likewise, had not an idea of further sport taken possession of my brain.

"This is no laughing matter," said I; "why, Mr. Pintle, I am astonished at you; and David, I am really sorry for you, for it was really an outrageous insult; and if, as you say, you think the stain upon your honour can only be wiped out with blood, my pistols are at your service. However, I have no idea that Mr. Johnson will fight. A pistol will frighten him."

"I'll fight him," replied David; "yes, sar, he *shall* fight; if he don't, eb'ry body call him coward; dat fix him, any way. I b'lieve he faid, too."

"Well then," said I, "you must challenge him, that's all. Now go to the galley and get me a coal of fire."

While David went on this errand, I stepped below and spoke with Mr. Johnson.

Ere long that gentleman came leisurely on deck, and walking to leeward, looked over the side apparently in a contemplative mood. The opportunity of giving the challenge "*in propria persona*" was not lost upon David, who presented

himself before his victim with all the dignity of a Congo Senator, prefacing and accompanying his speech with a look calculated to intimidate a Napoleon, and with which he expected to overwhelm his antagonist in the twinkling of a bed-post—

“Misser Johnson,” said he, “you ’ve sulted me, you ’ve put a inveterate stain on my dishonour that’s only gwoin to be sterminated with blood ! Pistols is destinationed to be the arbitrationers, and you will please desinate the time !”

Mr. Johnson was not annihilated, nor did he even faint. On the contrary, David’s surprise can scarcely be imagined at his unblanched cheek and sharp reply.

“If it was not to chastise your impudence, I’d not condescend to meet you, but you shall have your wish. Let the meeting be upon the main deck this afternoon at three o’clock, after the captain has turned in.. Mr. Ringbolt and Mr. Pintle, I presume, will act as seconds;” and he coolly walked away, leaving David too much astonished to utter a word. The unexpected courage of Mr. Johnson, when he had anticipated the triumph of calling him a coward, had entirely disconcerted the steward, and made him what he would fain have called his adversary.

“Look here, sar,” said he, as soon as Mr. Johnson had disappeared ; “look here ! dat are young man gwoin to fight ! Who’d tot o’ dat !”

“Why, to be sure,” replied Mr. Pintle ;

"you asked him, didn't you? Now you'll *have* to fight, unless you can buy off, and be called a coward."

"Me buy off! Me coward? I'se not that chap, no way! No, sar. Only, good gracious, Mr. Ringbolt, to be sent out of this sublunar hemisphere in such a stemporaneous way makes me kind o'—kind o'——"

"Oh, nonsense," said I; "I don't think that Mr. Johnson will come to the pinch. You had better see him again."

David was not long in following this advice.

"Mr. Johnson," he said, "I didn't prexactly 'scriminate what you said a little while gone. You mean to say, you rather 'pologize?"

"Apologize! No, I mean to fight you."

"Now, Mr. Johnson," (and he put on an air of commiseration,) "I really don't want your blood. I am very sevagerous with a pistol. I've killed a fly, five fathom off—so you better 'pologize."

"Apologize! I tell you, I won't apologize to a darkey! ha! ha! ha!!"

"Well, just say you're *sorry*."

"But I am not in the least sorry."

"Well, then, just say you 'truck me kind o' accidental. Say somefing so as save your life."

"You miserable black rascal!" exclaimed Johnson; "I see just how it is. You are a sneaking coward. You've asked me to fight;

and *you shall fight*. If you don't, I'll heave you overboard on the first dark night."

This was a settler. Whatever latent courage there was in David's bosom, seemed to spread over all his anatomy, as he muttered—" 'That's an insinuation you'll be impenitent for, sar, dis afternoon at tree o'clock !"

A wild and inexplicable look hung about David's countenance that day. He made several mistakes as to his dinner, putting salt water into his soup—under-boiling his salt fish, and burning his pancakes—all which called down the maledictions of the "old man," who threw a plate at his head, and then cursed him for breaking it, and finally charged it to his account.

"Cook," said the steward, after dinner was over and the two coloured gentlemen were seated on the spars, near the galley, washing their dishes, "Cook, I feels a little discomboberated, but I'm not gwoin to be 'timidated. Dis here may be the last time me and you sets here occupied in our profession. If I falls in dis encounter, you'll git promoted. Now mine what I tell you : when you gits to be 'teward, jus you trow your dignity overboard. Dignity, Cook, dignity's what got my life in joppaday now. If passenger 'trikes you, jus you turn round and tell 'em to 'trike the toddler side too. Howseber, dis afternoon you'll see me act like gemman, lib or die, and now let's wash up clean."

As was his wont, Capt. Westerly turned in

for a snooze after dinner. The watch on deck were all occupied in the usual "soger" employment of Saturday afternoons—cleaning muskets,—all eager to see the sport, of which they had an inkling. Mr. Johnson and the steward appeared at the capstan at the appointed hour, when the former proposed to the latter a choice of seconds, leaving him to choose Mr. Pintle or myself. The honour of being David Williams' second was mine.

The pistols were produced. Before loading, Mr. Johnson offered David also a choice of weapons. After trying the locks of each, and upon due consultation with his second, he selected the one which seemed to throw the most fire; and now his antagonist, wishing to be above-board in everything, allowed him to select one of two bullets.

It devolved upon me to load the weapons, which I did first for Mr. Johnson, slowly and surely, first, powder; second, wad; third, bullet; (at which the steward shuddered, and turned as nearly pale as a darkey conveniently could) and then a slight wad over all, and finally primed the pan. "Is that pistol loaded fairly?" said Mr. Pintle to his principal.

"Ya—yas, sar," faltered David.

"Now then for yours," said I. "So, you see, here goes the powder." "Yas, sar." "Now the wad." "Yas, sar." "Now the ball." "Yas, sar." "And now the last wad."

"Oh, lorry gorry, Misser Pintle, don't tep on my toe what's cut off!" (While he turned thus to express himself, his bullet rolled down my jacket sleeve.)

"Come, come, what's the odds," exclaimed I, impatiently, "what difference does it make about your toe? You'll be going after it, perhaps, directly. Now attend to more important business. I was just ramming down the last wad in your pistol. See here, now it's primed. Are you satisfied, Mr. Pintle, that your principal's pistol is fairly loaded?"

"Perfectly, sir," replied Mr. Pintle, "and he is now ready to take his station."

Reader, imagine this devotee of honour mounted on one gun, facing his antagonist, who stood on the other, at the short distance of twenty-five feet, and who was pointing the muzzle of a loaded horse-pistol at his face!

He had screwed his courage up to the sticking point, but his pistol-hand trembled so that his weapon would not have been very dangerous, even if the ball had been in it, instead of in my pocket; and his bones fairly rattled, while the expression of his countenance was like that of a galvanized mummy.

All tittering was suppressed, and every one looked on with an appearance of awe.

"Will you pol—pol—igize now, Misser Johnson?" stammered the steward.

"No! I'll rather blow your brains out."

"Well, then, sar, *I'll 'poligize to you,*" said David, fairly overcome.

"Too late for that now. Don't disgrace yourself by being called a coward," said his second. "Aim steady, you'll hit him. Now! I'll go on to give the word. All ready. Well—one—two—three—Fire!"

Simultaneously went off both pistols, Johnson's ball of course over the mark; while the steward made a leap from the gun for the main hatch, where he alighted on all fours, exclaiming, "Good lorry gorry! am I killed?—Oh, I'm dead!" but instantly jumping up, ran to Mr. Johnson, assuring him that he was perfectly satisfied, and "the stain on his dishonour was terminated."

The report of the pistols, and the noise and laughter which ensued, brought Capt. Westerly, half naked, on deck; which circumstance having been anticipated, all hands had resumed their occupations, excepting David, who had just begun to find himself alive, and stood pistol in hand, spell-bound, by this new cause of terror.

"What's all this noise about," roared the old man, "and what's that thunder-cloud doing there in the waist?"

"Oh, nothingsir," said I, "only the steward took a fancy to discharge one of my pistols, which went off so unexpectedly as to frighten him, as you see."

In consequence of this explanation, the steward

escaped the full measure of wrath, being only ordered about his business, receiving but one kick, as a hint to do so speedily.

Thus resulted David William's duel. He still lives in ignorance of the abstraction of his bullet, and maintains that "de whiz of Misser Johnson's bullet" was what knocked him down. He expressed himself to the cook as pretty well satisfied with his opponent's apology and acknowledgment of his superiority, though he would have insisted on another shot if "de ole man hadn't woke up;" while his attention and obedience to Mr. Johnson for the remainder of the passage, evinced that this communication to the cook was strictly confidential.

“A BARGAIN’S A BARGAIN.”

THE comfort of every voyage, depends very much upon having a good crew. As to passengers, I have always thought that the common system of charging them, good, bad and indifferent, *per capita*, is a very wrong one, inasmuch as it is worth a vast deal more to transport some individuals than it is to transport others across the Atlantic. They should pay according to their sombre countenances or their cheerful looks; the former paying a round sum for their accommodations, and the latter going for nothing, rather than being left at home. A good crew and pleasant passengers, therefore, are important items, but one of very great consideration to such as regard the welfare of their stomachs, (and who amongst us does not ?) is a good cook; while a bad cook is unquestionably the most useless lumber on board of a ship.

I sailed in February, 1843, for Havana, with a crew shipped as is customary, by a shipping-master, but taking the usual precaution of seeing

and questioning all of them before they signed the articles.

"Cook," said I, to the darkey, who applied for that berth, "do you consider yourself 'A. 1.' in your profession?"

"Yes, sar, I does."

"Well, for a man dressed in go-ashore togs, you don't appear to be the cleanest mortal that ever was. If you are not cleaner in your galley, we shall quarrel."

"Oh ! de fack is, sar, I hasn't got on my best clothes to-day, and I've been overhauling de camboose dare—and——"

"Ship him, Mr. Sawyer," said I, impatiently, "he is probably as good as any that have applied."

We sailed the next day, and every thing went on as usual, clearing p the decks, relashing spars and water-casks, and then reefing and furling, as the weather soon obliged us to do, while the snow fell thick and fast, and the sea broke over us, washing every loose thing about and overboard. Why, we could not expect much of a dinner on the following day; still, as the roast beef made its appearance, I suggested to the steward the propriety of scraping off the outside; but he assured me that it came so from the galley; he "hadn't dropped it on the way, and it must be clean."

"Well, what else have you got?"

"Pudding, sir," replied the steward, as he deposited something upon the table.

"Pudding! what kind of a pudding d'ye call that? You've been with me two years, now, and never produced such an article as that before." It had more colours than a rainbow and a thunder cloud combined, though the colour of the latter predominated.

"Just as I got it from the galley, sir."

"Help yourself, Mr. Garnet," said I, "I've done."

"No, thank you, sir," said the mate, "I've done too."

"Call the second mate and carpenter, steward, to their *dinner*," said I, as we rushed upon deck, where stood one of the crew, who had been waiting patiently, though not for a very long time, for us to accomplish our meal. He held in his hand a kid, and civilly requested me to examine the contents. Now, I had not been seasick since I was a boy, but it might have been the motion of the ship, at this time, or possibly the sight of that kid—at any rate I felt sick—very sick!

The cook was called aft, and notwithstanding his various excuses, reprimanded sharply, and promised something additional, in case he did not amend. But alas! he did not; for the next day's dinner, fore and aft, beggared description; but willing to resort to mild means at first, he was merely obliged to swallow a great part of his own dirty concoction, which he did without any compunctions of stomach or of conscience

—hardened villain that he was ! Still another day—and so far from improvement, he seemed to grow still worse. Now he was introduced to the lee scuppers, and copiously drenched with water, while deck brooms were freely used upon him, to cleanse at all events, his greasy person. But did all this have any effect upon the morrow's dinner ? Oh no ! no ! for upon that day every appetite in the ship was ruined, and those whose duty called them to pass the galley, gave it a wide berth for fear of infection.

The final remedy was at last resorted to—a medicine no one likes to take, and one which no one should administer excepting in the most obstinate cases—but even this failed, and he was pronounced incurable—disease, chronic filthiness—Othello's occupation was gone, and he was thenceforward knocked about the decks, receiving more kicks than coppers, while the steward did the cook's duty as well as his own. Our appetites again revived, and when we entered Havana, we were all in a state of convalescence.

“Now,” thought I, “what shall be done with this fellow ? Shall I carry his useless carcase the voyage round ? Indeed I will not—even if it be necessary to pay his passage home, he shall go no farther.” With the fixed resolution to dispose of him in some way, and even with the wicked thoughts stealing into my mind of selling him, (which however conscience overcame when I reflected upon how his purchaser would be cheat-

ed,) I gave general notice that I was ready to transfer him to any one who might need a cook. Even then, conscience troubled me, but I determined to smother its reproaches.

I was seated one evening at the fountain on the Quay, enjoying my cigar in company with a few friends, when we were approached by a lengthy individual, whose legs were inadvertently shoved too far through his pantaloons, thus giving a very fine opportunity to display the blue wool-len socks that encased his shins. He wore a venerable olive colored surtout, perhaps claiming the designation of frock coat. Two very prominent pieces of linen rose at angles of forty-five degrees above a rusty neck-cloth, and to cap or rather *hat* the climax, his shaggy locks were surmounted by a beaver of by-gone ages. Making a desperate pull at the rim of this helmet, he asked, "Gen'lemen, neither on ye ain't the cap'n of the 'Agnes' be ye?"

It being somewhat doubtful as to the number of negatives requisite to make an affirmative to this singular interrogatory, I hesitated, but was soon relieved from suspense by his saying, "Well, I guess it's you that was pointed out to me just now."

"Yes, sir, I am the person you are looking for."

"I heer'd you'd got a nigger you wanted to get rid on, and—"

"Won't you sit down, sir?" said I, delighted beyond measure.

"Thank ye, no—can't stop now—but as to that nigger, what's the reason you want to git rid on him?"

Now this was a hard question, but honesty being the best policy, I replied accordingly, "Because he is dirty," and was extremely relieved when he asked, "Nothin' else?" "No, sir," said I, "nothing whatever; he is strong, healthy, and civilly behaved."

"Now is he *right down civil*, though?"

"Perfectly so."

"Well then, I'll take him, if you'll swop!"

"Agreed."

"What! unsight, unseen? Howsever you can't get off; you've said it, and these here folks is witness. *A bargain's a bargain!* But then I'll do as some of our conscientious folks down east do, (tho' they don't always) *after* they've sold the ship that they cracked up 'A. I.,' they'll tell ye, (and if they don't, you'll soon find out,) she wants building all over again!"

"Yes," said I, "I know that they generally require some slight repairs of that sort, and they must be built over again several times in the region where they were first 'sawed off,' before they are of much value."

"Now don't go to 'busing our ships—I tell ye we can build better ones there than in Medford. Sartin, it stands to reason we do; if we couldn't,

how comes it we build 'em so cheap? They'll ask you \$45 or \$47 a ton for hull, spars and iron work in Medford, and more too in New-York, where they rub 'em down with sand paper, and putty up the seams. And *we'll* knock 'em off for \$30 a ton any day, and less money. But as to that nigger of mine, I'll just tell you, (now mind, you 've agreed to take him, or forfeit a hogshead o' lasses if you don't)—*he's sarcy!* there, no flinching now."

"Oh well," said I, "that's nothing at all—that complaint is easily cured; but you understand that the one you have agreed to take is *dirty?*"

"Yes, but not sarcy? honour bright, hey? Well, I don't mind a little mite o' dirt, but as to bein' spoke to the way I be by that air feller I've got, I can't stand it no longer; he don't have no respect to me as an officer and a gentleman, not a bit! Well, we've swopped, haven't we?"

"Most certainly; by the bye, which is your vessel?"

"There she lays over in the lumber tier," said he, pointing to an old box, whose masts and yards were looking about in all directions, as if afraid of each other, but which was evidently intended to have been a brig, "The 'Virgil Delphini Paris,' and my name's Snubson."

"Captain Snubson," said I, "I'm happy to have made your acquaintance; you and I must take these fellows ashore to the consul to-mor-

row, and pay their wages, discharge and ship them, &c., you know. I'll come on board the 'Virgil Delphini Paris' at nine o'clock, to-morrow morning, if agreeable to you."

"Very well," he rejoined, "so be it; good night!"—and away he went down the quay, smiling, chuckling, and snapping his fingers with infinite delight. Yes, there were two happy men that night in Havana—happy in perspective; wherein, after all, most happiness consists.

If I was never punctual before, I was upon the next morning, standing on the deck of the "Virgil Delphini Paris," at nine o'clock precisely.

"Walk down here," cried Captain Snubson; and, descending, I found that gentleman seated on the transom somewhat in dishabille, taking the grass from off his bows by the reflection of a paper looking-glass, "I'll be ready directly," added he, which he soon was, having quickly despatched that part of his toilet, and drawn on his woollen socks.

"Cook," said he, "you might as well have greased my shoes, mightn't yer? I should think you might; however, I suppose you was busy."

"I ship'd for cook and teward—didn't ship for boot-black," replied my future cook.

"Well, git up along on deck, then. Just see what a dreadful sarcy creeter he is!" added he, turning to me.

The "sarcy creeter" not making any demonstrations of obedience, the captain added, "or stay below, if you're a mind to. Now you and I, cook, can't set hosses together no way, and this man says he'll take you, if you'll quit. What say, will you go?"

"Yes!"

By this time, the captain, having finished dressing, and politely offered the refreshment of "switchel," a liquor composed of new rum, molasses, ginger, and water,) which was as politely declined, we, that is, Captain Snubson, Captain Ringbolt, and the respective cooks of the "Virgil Delphini Paris," and "Agnes," pulled by four very willing men of the latter ship, left the brig for the shore; and, landing, proceeded to the office of the consul, where the transfer was made, legally and satisfactorily to all parties; and I went on board with the new cook, greeted by the pleased and smiling faces of my crew.

I saw no more of Capt. Snubson in Havana, and sailed in a few days for Matanzas, there to complete my cargo. In the meantime, everything went on like clock-work at the galley, and great was the joy we all felt and expressed at the exchange!

"Look here, sir," cried the mate, one morning early, "if here isn't that Latin and French down-east brig, in shore!"

There she was, indeed; and sure enough there

was a small boat, pulled by one man, approaching us from her. Taking the glass, I could plainly make him out to be Captain Snubson himself.

"Do you think he's coming here?" asked Mr. Garnet, in a faltering tone.

"Yes, but don't be alarmed, I shall hold him to his bargain."

In a few moments the dingy was alongside, and the captain, throwing his painter on deck, climbed up the ladder.

"Good morning, sir," said I, "I didn't expect the pleasure of seeing you here!"

"Well, nor I didn't expect to see you. I thought you'd gone to Rooshee."

"Oh no, not yet, but how are you?"

"Why, tolerable, except I've got a kind of rising and squeamishness about my stomach."

"Ay, the dyspepsia," said I, "I know what it is. I was troubled with it once. You've had it, Mr. Garnet, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, *once*."

Captain Snubson was evidently not the man he was when he walked so gaily away from the fountain in Havana. He had not then the haggard look which he now exhibited; how wan and dejected he appeared! but his shoes were greased, and what was more, he seemed to be greased all over!

"Well, what kind of a passage did you have round?" inquired he.

"Very good; we left in the morning, and arrived here next morning."

"You *did*? Why, you beat me all holler. I was two days.

"Come," said I, "have you breakfasted? We are just sitting down."

"No—yes—not exactly, either. I don't mind taking a mouthful."

"Do—that's right. Steward, another plate and chair!"

"Capt. Snubson cast his eyes over our clean and well-provided board, and looked melancholy; but he fulfilled his promise of taking a mouthful; indeed he took several—quite a number of mouthfuls; so many that the constant reception of food prevented any egress of words. Having at length finished his meal, he wiped his mouth with the table-cloth, and observed: "Lasses has riz!"

"Yes?"

"Fact! I come round here expecting to do better than in Havana, but I'm disappointed."

"I'm very sorry to hear it; perhaps the price will be lower, if you wait long enough."

"I shall die if I wait much longer!" exclaimed he, suddenly; but checking himself, observed that it was "fine weather, and cool for the season."

A full assent being given to this, he seemed at a loss what to say next, though he evidently

had something important to communicate when a good opportunity should be afforded.

"Be you acquainted here ashore?"

"Not at all," said I, "never having been here before. I know no one but my consignee."

"Haint been here before? Where have you been? Well, I've been here so often, I've got to know the ropes pretty well, and can introduce you all round. Spos'n you go ashore long 'a me?"

"No, thank you; I shall go by-and-by; much obliged for your kind offer of introduction, but I'm not very anxious to make acquaintances, where they will not be continued."

Capt. Snubson now sat a long while silently, but at length broached the subject near his heart.

"Well, I 'spose you're plagued to death with that sarcy nigger, aint you?"

"Far from it; he seems to be an excellent cook. Is he ever insolent, Mr. Garnet?"

"Not in the least, sir; a very quiet darkey, who knows his place and keeps it."

"Strange!" said Capt. Snubson, "aint it? Why, the creeter wouldn't grease my shoes when I asked him to!"

"We never *ask* him to do anything here," said the mate.

"Ah, well," said the captain, "you aint had him long enough yet. If you was to keep him, you'd soon find out. He's nat'rally sarcy. Now

I don't like to impose upon folks, I'll take him back again ; there !”

“Oh, no,” said I, “you haven't been guilty of any imposition at all. I'm perfectly satisfied.”

The sweat stood in great drops on Capt. Snubson's brow.

“Ah, but you know,” said he, “you see ; the fact is, them pesky lawyers to hum makes so much trouble, we'll both of us git sued and plagued to death if we don't swop back again !”

“My dear sir,” said I, “take another cup of coffee. I cannot think of it ; so don't mention this subject again.”

Poor man ! he gave no heed to my offer of the coffee, but only heard the last words, which sounded like his doom. At length the blood rushed into his face, and starting up, he knocked over the table, exclaiming,

“Cap'n, YOU'VE CHEATED ME !”

“Sir !” said I, in some slight amazement.

The emotion had been too powerful for his weakened stomach. Anger gave place to grief, and he sank down again into his chair, and the tears and big drops of perspiration chasing each other down his cheeks, he sobbed,

“If I wasn't cheated, then, what on earth was I ?”

“My dear friend,” said I, (and I did feel for him,) “my dear, good friend, be calm. How can you say you were cheated ? Didn't I tell you the fellow you took was dirty ?”

"Yes, yes," he replied, meekly, "you did say he was dirty, but (and here he raised his voice to the highest key) you didn't say he was so *gaul-darn'd—all-fired—piz'nous—everlasting dirty!*"

"Well, Captain Snubson," said I, "I sincerely pity you, but you have a less distance to go than we have, and will soon be in Portland—self-preservation, moreover, is a law of nature; again, you sought me, not I you; and finally, to use your own words, '*a bargain's a bargain,*' and I could not release you from this, even if you '*forfeited a hogshead of molasses,*' as you bound me to do; no, not for all the molasses on board your vessel; but as long as we remain here, make this cabin your home; I shall always be happy to see you at meals."

THE OLD SAILOR.

AN old sailor is a singular being; not only peculiar, but *singular*, in the literal meaning of the word—alone. He has outlived his youthful companions—he has lost his relish for every thing calculated to make life happy. Novelty has no more charms for him, because to him there can be nothing new, and he plods along the downhill of life, too often hastening his descent by seeking temporary oblivion of his misery in the intoxicating cup.

Poor solitary Jack Tar! you stand alone, like the old oak of the forest, but not like the tree, strong and vigorous in age; for your decaying trunk and weakened limbs bend more and more to every fitful blast, until soon the winds shall indeed pass over you, and you are gone; not even shall an humble tomb-stone tell where you lie.

“Peace to the ashes of the dead?”
No peace to his, for o’er his head
The ocean’s heaving billows roll,
Their roar the requiem of his soul.

What matters this ? At God's command,
The ocean, as the solid land,
Shall bring its tenants forth to view.
Yes, they shall leave her, clothed anew
In glorious bodies, at the day
When, at a word are passed away
The ocean and the firmer earth,
By Him whose mandate gave them birth.

Excuse this humble tribute, to the memory of an old shipmate. But shall such a destiny as I have described always await the old sailor? No, God be thanked for the benevolent age in which we live, and the exertions which are already making for seamen. Contrast the present time with a few short years by-gone. The spirit of love—of true philanthropy—is abroad, which, if not religion itself, is her twin sister and dearest companion. Hand in hand, they are traversing the civilized world, and shedding more of their blessed influence upon our own land than upon any other region of earth. Fondly do we look forward to the time when they shall complete the good work already begun, and make this desert world blossom like the rose, and render it once more the paradise of God. No one can deny that the efforts now making to improve the moral and intellectual condition of sailors, have a greater tendency to hasten that happy period than almost any other purpose that can emanate from a benevolent heart: for in vain shall the great societies for the diffusion of the Gospel in foreign lands,

send forth their Bibles and Missionaries, so long as the vessels which convey them are manned by seamen whose evil example will counterbalance all their good effects. Until very lately, no one cared for the sailor's comfort of body or for the peace of his soul. He was regarded as an out-cast, and beneath the notice of his more fortunate fellow-creatures who dwell on shore. But humanity has at length been aroused in some bosoms, and chiefly in those of such as are always first in every good work. God bless the ladies!—and I am sure the response will come from every sailor's heart—GOD BLESS THE LADIES!

But I have run off my course. The old sailor—yes, poor old Bill Merrick—you were such an one as I had begun to describe. Your haggard look, enfeebled strength, and broken constitution, were strong and uncalled-for witnesses to prove your claim to the title.

It was a cold and dreary night off the Cape of Good Hope, in July, and the watch had generally sought shelter under the lee of the galley and long-boat, excepting old Bill, whose lookout it happened to be. After endeavouring in vain to get warm by means of a *p*-jacket, I jumped up, shivering, and volunteered to keep the lookout for the old man, and let him *caulk*, if he could.

“No, no, Charley,” said he, (for he called me

by this name,) "lie down again, and forget your misery."

"Why, I'm not particularly miserable, Bill, unless miserably cold," replied I, as he turned away from me; "I should think *you* were, though, for your face has looked as long as the main-top-bowline and jib downhall spliced together, for this week or more. Well, if you won't let me keep the look-out for you, why then good-bye—only you're a bit unsociable—that's all."

I had turned away, when the old fellow suddenly stopped in his hurried walk, and said in a kinder voice, "Charley, my boy, come here; you may keep the look-out *with me*, if you like, and I will tell you of a greater misery than cold or any other pain you ever suffered."

"O, now for a yarn!" said I, "a regular twister, I suppose."

"Nothing of that kind," said he, seriously. "If you live as long as I have done, you may experience much misery; but if you live *as I* have done, you'll have the greatest misery a man can have—an *evil conscience*—for that's my yarn."

"I once had a home, and a happy one, for there was everything to make it so: kind and affectionate parents, brothers and sisters, and many friends—one friend, Charley, more dear than all. I had received a good education, and at the age of twenty, blessed with that, and with robust health, and, above all, with the love of such a sweet

girl as Mary Morton, who was happier or who had fairer prospects for life than myself? But unfortunately I had a restless disposition, and felt an irresistible desire to see the world, and could not overcome a fancy for the sea. I must take one voyage. My father opposed—my mother and sisters begged me not to leave my home. And Mary, poor Mary said—nothing—but the parting kiss, the tears that stood in her sweet eyes, and the last look of love she gave me as I closed the door of her father's house and saw her for the last time, were words such as lips can never utter.

"But I shall see her again, boy," continued the old sailor. "I sometimes think I do see her. I think she is one of those bright stars overhead—and on such a night as this, I love to watch them as they break out from the black passing clouds like rays of hope from the darkness of despair, to cheer us on our lonely way. Charley, I do believe those stars are angels. I can't help worshipping them sometimes, and then I think they glisten brighter than before, and are the smiles of heaven upon my desolate soul!

"Well, I sought a voyage, caring little where the ship might be bound, so that I might gratify my darling desire to 'see the world;' and believe me, my boy, I *have* seen it—and seen the vanity of it too. My first voyage was round Cape Horn; and though at first ship's duty came hard upon me as it does upon us all, yet every thing was

so new during that voyage, that this was soon no longer remembered—and alas! the thoughts of my home and friends, too, began to fade from my mind. I became a slave to bad habits, and in two short years, whatever good feelings my heart might have once possessed, were deadened or benumbed; and when I returned, I was a different being. I had forgotten my parents, my brothers and sisters, and even Mary—or if ever thoughts of them crossed my mind, they were chased away like phantoms that disturb our dreams. I had rushed headlong to destruction and there was no one to stop my besotted career.

“Had there been such institutions as there now are, I might have been reclaimed—but then, every one seemed willing to help me on to destruction. My dissolute companions induced me to frequent the resorts of infamy. My *kind* landlord stupified my senses with his infernal liquor, and a miserable scoundrel of a lawyer, with whom he was connected in trade, persuaded me to prosecute my captain for some fancied wrong, and thus between them all I was ruined outright.

“Charley, don’t you ever forget your home—don’t you go inside of such dens as I did—don’t you touch rum—don’t you trust the landlord who offers it to you—and don’t you have anything to do with lawyers. If you mind the first three things, you’ll keep your happiness, reputation and health—and if you mind the two last, you’ll keep your money into the bargain. Rum, bad

women, landlords and lawyers, have been the ruin of me, as they have of many sailors besides. Yes, they are worse than sickness, shipwrecks, scorpions and devils !”

Bill expressed himself strongly ; I will not ask “ ‘long shore people’ ” if any too strongly ; but, sailors, I put it to you.

“ Well,” continued the old tar, “ I shipped again ; or rather, I was shipped ; for positively I knew nothing of it until I found myself at sea, when I awoke as from a trance, to the wretchedness, the untold wretchedness of my situation. From the first hour that I landed in Boston until then, I could not call my senses my own. But a few days after leaving port they returned with their full strength and vigour, and showed me my past folly in a glaring light. My wages for a two years’ voyage were gone, and also those for the first two months of the voyage on which I had just entered, bound I knew not where. But all this was nothing ; I gave it scarce a moment’s thought. My reputation was lost forever. Oh, the recollection of what I suffered on that dreadful day makes me shudder, even now, after a lapse of more than thirty years. The consciousness of my degraded situation overwhelmed me ; the damning thought that I had set the seal of ruin upon my own head, and that I had forgotten the ties of nature and of love, came over me with a power that threatened to drive me mad. The tearful countenances of my parents often

appeared to my view; and the image of Mary flitted before me, as it were, the image of sorrow! I have since been in the thickness of battle, wounded among the dying and the dead; have lain among sufferers like myself from loathsome diseases in a crowded foreign hospital; have endured every hardship that falls to a sailor's lot, and they are neither few nor small; but the day on which I suffered more than in all other days combined, was the first day that I came to my senses on my second voyage.

“Oh Charley, it was conscience—conscience! Many gay scenes have I witnessed since then, in the midst of which, conscience, by suddenly bringing such recollections to my mind, has dispelled the temporary charms of pleasure which I had gathered around me; but as conscience met with strenuous resistance, fainter and fainter seemed her rebukes, until my soul was hardened by sin.

“Yet once a softer feeling came over my mind. I had recovered from a severe sickness, and, not being able to go to sea immediately, resolved to visit my home. Twenty years had elapsed since I had left it; yet I dared not to assume my own name—but under false colours I arrived at my native town. The change that had passed over it was great—but not so great as the change that had passed over myself. I recognised many things and many faces, but no one recognised me. I made inquiries of the landlord of the village

tavern, about the inhabitants, in such a manner as not to excite suspicion. My parents were dead—they had died in the far West, and for aught that was known, my brothers and sisters still dwelt there, or were buried by their side. But there was one, I dared not inquire for, though I hoped that she had forgotten me, and was happier with another than she ever could have been with such a wretch as myself; but I could not find courage to mention her name, lest I should be betrayed—and I would not have been discovered for worlds.

“A wanderer in my own home, I sauntered about the streets seeking familiar objects dear to my youth, and at length strolled into the burial ground. I found there the names of many of my early associates, and I sadly gazed upon these, the only mementos that were left of them to me—but suddenly I stopped—for a white tombstone met my gaze, and on it was inscribed *her* name! She had died three years after I had received her farewell kiss of affection, and promised in return the truest and most constant love! I asked no more questions of any one—and here I needed to ask none. She died—she must have died *of a broken heart*!—and so perhaps died my beloved parents. I gathered a handful of the tall rank grass from her grave, and departed, never again to return!

“My life then became wretched indeed. My youth and health were gone, and I could no

longer enjoy pleasures, which long before, by repetition, had lost their power to please. But latterly a thought comes over me at times, that I may yet be forgiven—and thus may meet again in heaven, those I shall never more behold on earth. Yes, Charley, I'm a shattered old hulk, and have been long adrift—but, thank God, I hope the sighs of repentance have at last wafted me to good holding-ground, and I have one anchor left—it is Hope. When that takes hold upon Mercy, we can't go ashore."

Such was the story of old Bill—if not his precise words, as near as my recollection serves me.

We became intimate friends. His sad history had conveyed a moral. His was, too, the best advice one sailor ever gave another. Let it not be sneered at because he chose to include one of the learned professions in his enumeration of sailors' enemies. He meant "*sailor* lawyers," and experience has since proved to me that he was not wrong in adding them to his list, nor very far out of the way in the comparison with which he has honoured them.

It is a fact, too notorious to be disputed, that in some places, certain of these gentry are leagued with landlords, and make it their business to stir up ill feelings among sailors towards their officers, bringing cases into the courts which might not, perhaps, have been dreamed of; and, as is usual, getting a very good oyster, and in almost

every instance, leaving the two shells to be digested between plaintiff and defendant. One of the members of the Suffolk bar once had the frankness to tell the writer, whom he was prosecuting for an alleged cruel assault and battery, that he had no doubt of his innocence, but that the sailor, having come off from a long voyage, had plenty of money, and as long as that lasted, he was determined to carry on the suit. Rather than be at numerous law expenses, this gentleman received a clever sum to settle, for which he gave his own receipt as attorney for the sailor, who might have received it, or might not—but the probability seemed that he had been the loser rather than the gainer, as he went to sea again in a few days, the landlord taking his advance wages for money which he owed! I do not bring forward this example to gratify my own spleen, though I must own that I was indifferently pleased with the affair, but I mention it as one of the numerous instances of the depredations of this class of land-sharks which have come to my knowledge, and which happening to in part myself, affords me at least strong grounds for belief in its truth. And I trust the honest gentlemen of Court-street, will have no more objection to its exposure than an honest landlord will dislike the exposure of a rogue—a pious man of a hypocrite—or the temperance society the downfall of rum. I am writing just now, as I humbly hope, for the benefit of

sailors. I wish to point out all their enemies to them, and beg them, as they value their happiness, reputation, health, and property, to remember old Bill's advice, the whole of it, from clue to earing.

We at length arrived at our port of destination. The good resolutions which Bill had formed were not abandoned. He withstood every temptation that was thrown in his way, and won the esteem and respect of his officers and shipmates, as the consistent conduct of a good seaman invariably will. Unquestionably there are sometimes brutes who creep into stations of authority and trust on board of American vessels—but they are never allowed to continue long, and I cannot but believe that their cruelty is almost always greatly exaggerated, for their own self-interest would prevent its execution. I can truly say, that during many years on board of many different vessels, I have seldom seen a good sailor, who knew and did his duty, maltreated or abused; nor from credible and impartial testimony, do we often hear of such instances. These alleged abuses heaped upon sailors may generally be sifted down to pretty severe treatment of those who cannot or will not perform their duty as able seamen; and in either case, such fellows should expect it. If they *cannot* do their duty, they have no right to ship as anything more than ordinaries, and thus impose upon their officers and shipmates by taking the place

of other men, especially when vessels are so undermanned as at present. If they *will not* do their duty when they do know it, they should not be disappointed if their treatment corresponds with their obstinacy.

After visiting several ports, the old Amelia's head was pointed for home, and at first everything promised a speedy passage. But such was not to be our lot. After experiencing gale after gale, we at length weathered the Cape, but the passage was prolonged almost beyond precedent, and that dreadful scourge, the scurvy, appeared among us. It is a consolation to know that this fell disease is every year becoming more and more rare, as greater attention has latterly been paid to the comfort of seamen, and more regard is had to their diet and cleanliness; but formerly its ravages were dreadful, and even now, we sometimes hear of its melancholy effects upon entire crews. Let ship-owners be persuaded to supply their vessels plentifully with flour and vegetables and some live stock, and it will soon entirely disappear. It is really astonishing that this precaution has not been heretofore more extensive, for, putting motives of humanity aside, salt beef and bread alone have been found to be the most expensive articles in the victualling of a ship. One barrel of beef, and one of flour, will last one third longer than two barrels of beef, and cost one fourth less. Flour allowed once, or at most twice a week, is considered in many vessels

as very liberal—but I have found that by far the cheapest way is to give it to the crew every day.

As is usually the case, from what cause does not appear—this disease fell first and heaviest upon the oldest men on board ; and by the time we were within ten days' sail of home, the chief officer, who was an elderly man, had fallen a victim to its power, and the half of the crew were off duty. My old shipmate suffered more than any other, and the death of the mate caused him to despair of recovery.

On the day of the officer's burial, he called me to the side of his bunk : " Charley," said he, " so Mr. Williams is gone ? Well, my turn comes next."

" Oh no, Bill," said I, " I hope not. We have got a fair wind now, and shall be on soundings in a few days, and then you'll be all right again."

" NEVER !" said the old man solemnly. " No, I shall never land in Boston alive. If not before, I shall die the moment we strike soundings. I hope I may hold out till then, and perhaps the captain will keep my poor old hulk aboard till the ship gets in."

I endeavoured to console him, and assured him that should it be so, we would all beg the captain to grant his request, if it could be done.

" But," said he, pressing my hand, " I have one request to make of you, *I* would do it for any one, and I know you will do it for me !"

The tears started in my eyes as I promised to obey his wish before it was expressed. He then asked for pen and paper, which being furnished, he wrote a draft upon the owners, made payable to myself, for all the wages due him to the time of his death. He put the paper in my hand, and held that in his own, while he told me to draw the money, and expend it in having his body transported to——, and, he added in a faltering voice, “have it buried by *her* side.”

I repeated the promise already made, and pledged my word to see it done myself.

“I knew you would, Charley;” said he, squeezing my hand, “I knew you would”—and he then continued, “if there is anything left, put it into Father Taylor’s box.”

But the consolation was denied him. Our favourable wind soon failed. He became more and more exhausted, and it was evident to himself, as well as to others, that his end was at hand. Sailors may be supposed rough nurses, but we did every thing in our power to soothe his dying moments.

On Saturday he had been fast drooping, and we had expected that every hour would be his last; but as evening drew on, he revived a little, and asked me how was the weather. I told him it was fine.

“Are the stars out?” he inquired.

He was told that they were.

“Then, oh, take me on deck, and let me look at them once more ! ”

His request was complied with. He was carefully lifted out of the fore scuttle, and placed on the weather side of the fore-castle. We were off Bermuda, and it was indeed a beautiful evening. It might almost be said with truth,

“The winds were all hushed, and the waves were at rest.”

For only a slight ripple under the bows broke the stillness of the hour, and its dirge-like music seemed tuned by nature for the parting soul, while the gentle breeze was ready to waft it to the mansions of the blest. As the eyes of the sufferer gazed on the bright firmament over his head, they gathered an unearthly lustre, and a triumphant smile irradiated his pallid features, as he clasped his hands across his bosom and exclaimed, “THANK GOD, I AM FORGIVEN !”

These were his last words, and uttered almost with his last breath. He was dead ; but his countenance seemed to grow brighter after life had fled, as if his purified spirit had returned from heaven to share its happiness with the frail body, which had been its companion so long upon earth.

Thus the hope which my old shipmate had cherished of dying on shore, was disappointed. But why should it have been regretted ? Far different is a funeral on shore from one at sea. Who would prefer the ceremony and bustle ; the solemn pageantry of the hearse and the pall ; the

being deposited in the damp earth, to become the food of noisome reptiles, to being launched from under our glorious flag, into the bosom of the ocean, which for so many years has been our home, and which will not at last stint us to a few feet of room?

It would have better harmonized with our feelings had the sun risen as smilingly, as on the previous evening he had set over the calm expanse of waters. But the Storm king revelled where the gentle zephyr so lately played upon the smooth pathway now broken into crested waves around us.

The body, lashed in a hammock for a winding sheet, was brought upon deck, and having been placed upon a board in a lee port, was covered by the folds of the jack. The ensign fluttered at half-mast in the gale, above the roar of which the clear voice of the captain was heard commencing the solemn service for the burial of the dead.

“I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die.” As the service proceeded, tears stood in the eyes of many who had seldom wept till then. At the words “We therefore commit his body to the deep,” the jack was raised, and the board with its burden fell into the sea. The shot at the feet

of the body soon carried it down from our sight, and the dark billows rolled over the old sailor.

I was his executor, though little wealth did he leave behind him; but upon searching his chest, a small tortoise-shell box tastefully worked by his own hands, was found. It contained a few blades of withered grass, and upon the paper which wrapped them, were these lines, penned by himself :

I love to pace the decks alone,
And gaze upon the starry sky ;
I think thy gentle spirit flown,
To dwell in some bright orb on high.

Then oh, from thy celestial home,
Behold the wanderer on the sea ;
If angel glances hither roam,
Let one sweet glance but rest on me.

Not like the love of others, mine,
To cool as years pass o'er my head ;
My love was thine—it still is thine—
I love thee yet, though thou art dead!

Oh, could I know when life is o'er,
That I should rise to dwell with thee,
I'd ask for death, and ask no more,
For death were life itself to me.

“ While there is life there yet is hope,”
There's hope beyond life's rugged sea ;
Yes, 'tis an anchor, and its scope
Is lengthened to eternity !

VESSELS IN DISTRESS.

“ Arrived, this day, ship ——— : 15th inst., lat. 37° long. 73° 30', saw the wreck of a large vessel, painted black, with a white streak, every thing gone but bowsprit ; stanchions and bulwarks stove ; could see nothing on deck ; the wreck being dead to windward, did not get near enough to learn further.”

THIS is only one of many similar reports that might be copied from the newspapers, and which, probably on account of their frequency, attract so little attention.

Scarcely a day passes in the winter season, but we see reports of dismasted, wrecked and water-logged vessels—and how many of them have been *spoken* ? They were *seen* in lat. and long so-and-so—they *appeared* to be vessels of such and such tonnage—and this is all. Now in the name of humanity, I ask, is this right ? As one who has the greatest reason for gratitude for relief in distress, and who I trust feels grateful for the satisfaction of assisting to rescue some of my fellow creatures from a miserable death, I put it to the consciences of my brother shipmasters, do we do our duty in not using every pos-

sible means to ascertain whether these wrecks may not contain human life? How incomparably more precious than the few dollars that may be saved by cruel neglect!

What would be thought of the landsman who would pass a capsized vehicle on the road without stopping to see if any one was injured? What then can be thought of the sailor who will coolly pass a wreck which may never be fallen in with again, and in whose cabin or forecastle may lie those to whom life is as precious as his own is to him—whom hunger is driving to distraction, and whose parched lips would call down a blessing upon him for a cup of water, for bestowing which the remainder of his days would be gladdened by a happiness which nothing could ever deprive him of.

It is our bounden duty in all cases of falling in with wrecks, to ascertain, beyond a doubt, that there is no living mortal on board, before we leave them. There is no excuse for such desertion. If the wind is ahead, beat up—and if it blows a gale, even a fair one, keep as near as possible until it moderates. Underwriters will not allow us to stop to save cargo, but they do allow us to stop to save life, and can we for the sake of shortening our passage a few hours or days, embitter our future existence with unavailing regrets that some of our fellow beings may have perished through our negligence; for assuredly

such thoughts will often torment us, if we have any consciences at all.

It was not long ago, that a vessel passed Gun Key, or Double-Headed Shot Keys, and reported that she saw the colours union down, and she passed on, like the Priest and the Levite of old. A few days afterward, another vessel, (we wish we could remember her name, and that of her captain,) saw the same signal of distress, sent the boat ashore, found the inhabitants in a state of starvation, and gave them every pound of provisions they could spare, reserving but enough for themselves to get into port. The first will hear of this, and when the night of death closes around him, the recollection of this incident will make it darker still—while a ray of hope will cheer the parting soul of the good Samaritan, that as he had pity upon his fellow-men, so his God will be merciful to him.

Within two years a ship arrived in Boston, and the captain coolly reported as an item of news, that on his passage from Europe, he had passed a vessel bottom up, *with men clinging to her keel*; but as it was “blowing fresh,” he could render no assistance.

Blowing fresh, and that was all the excuse he made! The name of the ship and that of the captain has passed from my recollection; nor do I wish to recall them; but they are on the newspaper files, and there you may find them,

if you wish to be certified that such a thing can be !

For what does such a man suppose that God has placed him here ? To do unto others as he would that others should do unto him,—or to treat his brethren in a way, for being guilty of which, a Newfoundland dog would, Judas'-like, put an end to his existence, out of very shame !

The brig "Peru," of Boston, sailed lately for South America. She was knocked down in the Gulf Stream ; and, after cutting away her masts, she righted, full of water. Captain Prior, and those of his crew who survived, were on the wreck nine days, with not a morsel to eat or drink, and during this time several vessels passed near them ; they must have been seen, and were probably reported as "a vessel dismasted and water-logged," &c. &c. On the ninth day, a French ship hove in sight. The wind was blowing fresh from the north-west, and she was bowling along merrily towards home ; but as the wreck was descried, she hauled up and spoke her. There was too much sea for a boat to live : "But," said the gallant Frenchman, "I will take you off if I wait a month." He kept his position ; and after waiting thirty-six hours, the sea went down, and he redeemed his promise. "That old Frenchman," said Captain Prior, "God bless him, was a father to us all ; his cabin, clothes, and all he had, were at my service ; nor did he or his passengers cease their

unremitting attentions, until we were in the consul's hands in Bordeaux, and furnished with the means of getting home."

That generous man has kindled a feeling of gratitude, which will never be extinguished in the bosoms of those he saved from death, and has gladdened the hearts of their friends, who, had he passed on like others because it "blew fresh," or because "she was dead to windward," might now, and for all their lives, have felt that horrid uncertainty, worse than a knowledge of the certain death of those dear to them. And he has treasured up for himself a fund of the purest happiness, on which to draw for comfort amidst all the ills of life. He will enjoy the approving smile of his Maker now, and will hereafter hear him say, "Inasmuch as thou didst it unto one of these, thou didst it unto me!"

“MISSING VESSELS.”

“MISSING VESSELS,” sometimes heads a large list in the marine department of the newspapers, and what is supposed to have become of them? Let me hazard an answer. In two cases out of three they are lost by collision; and in the same proportion, at least, this collision has occurred for want of a good look-out.

Eight o'clock, P. M., and Capt. Easy, having had his grog and smoked his cigar, feels sleepy, and says: “Well, Mr. Nighthead, I’ll turn in. It *would* be pleasant to have a moon, this thick, squally weather—however, keep a good look-out, and let me know if it blows any harder. Good night.” “Ay, ay, sir,” replies Mr. Nighthead, who then walks into the waist, and sings out, “Keep a bright look-out ahead, there!” A gruff “ay, ay, sir,” comes from under some p-jacket, and Mr. Nighthead walks aft, lies down on the hen-coop, and in ten minutes is sound asleep. And how are the watch? As may be expected, and the man at the wheel, after casting a few occasional

glances at the sails to ascertain that the ship is somewhere near the wind, lays over his wheel and looks into the binnacle where he sees more than a hundred different points to the compass dancing more than a hundred different ways, and then sees nothing at all. Suddenly, with a sound that might almost startle the dead, there comes a voice in their ears, "Hard up your helm!" The sleepers awake: the affrighted helmsman throws his wheel down instead of up. The half-conscious mate rushes to his assistance. The watch start to their feet, and know not if they are still dreaming, or if there is a dread reality in the huge line-of-battle ship, the roaring water under whose bows, sounds for an instant in their ears like the thunder of a cataract, and then they and their sleeping companions below will never hear again, until they hear the sea called upon to give up its dead!

Old Captain Wethereye was a good school-master upon this subject, and taught us many lessons, one of which was strongly impressed upon my memory, and I think was not forgotten by any, at least for one voyage.

It was a cold January night in the British Channel, and we were ordered to look out sharp for vessels, and told moreover of its particular importance in that place. At half-past twelve the captain walked forward and found us all wide awake, and then turned about, bade the mate "good night," and went below. 'This ma-

nœuvre was watched, and we naturally concluded that as he had been on deck all his own watch, he intended to take a snooze—and as the mate was not an object of much dread, we composed ourselves on deck to follow his example.

The “Old Man,” however, out-generalled us, for he came up again in about half an hour and found us snoring. He then went quietly down again, called the second mate and the steward, and, arming them, and himself, with two buckets of ice-cold water each, they came upon the unsuspecting foe, and in an instant we were as moist as the bottom of the ocean. “And now, you precious rascals!” said he, “for I can call you nothing better, after such conduct, lay up on the fore-topsail yard, the whole of you, and see if you can keep your eyes open for the next three hours; and you, Mr. Deadeye, go up on to the top-gallant yard and watch them!” In vain did we beg leave to change our dripping clothes. We were obliged to obey, and such a three hours I never wish to see again. It was an effectual remedy for drowsiness, and thoroughly cured the complaint; nor was there a relapse for the remainder of the voyage.

Very many instances will readily occur to the minds of all who, for any length of time, have navigated the ocean, especially in its more frequented parts, of narrow escapes from collision,

which were only avoided by wakefulness. Even that, however, will not always prevent it.

Not long since an accident of this kind happened to a ship which I commanded.

The night was intensely dark, so that one could not see fore and aft the decks, and the ship was going at the rate of ten knots with a beam wind. The watch were awake at any rate *that* night, and were stationed, with the exception of one man, who was on the night heads, at topsail haulyards and reef-tackles, when, as if by the shock of an earthquake, we were thrown to the deck. Another vessel upon the other tack had struck our lee bow, coming upon us so suddenly as to be unperceived by the look-out, who was a faithful man. I had seen him standing at his station but a moment before, and he was now thrown, with the fragments of the rail on which he stood, to some distance abaft the foremast.

The other vessel went down, and all on board perished, and we were preserved, as if by a miracle, from sharing their fate! Although I felt satisfied with the look-out we then kept, and which was as good as usual, I have often thought since, that this might never have occurred, had the master of the unfortunate vessel and myself, used the precaution of *showing a light*, which I have ever afterwards adopted.

This practice is objected to by some, upon the ground that a light does more injury to themselves

than good to others ; and this would be very true if it were allowed to shine about the decks. But such a lantern as I have used cannot be complained of in this respect, for its existence, when displayed, would scarcely be known to those on board. It is so constructed as to fit on the end of the bowsprit, under the jib-boom, and has four staples which are entered by hooks and are keyed. The after part contains the door. Each side and the front (which is narrower than the back) has a thick glass plate. Within is a large lamp of six wicks. One objection to it may be raised by a certain class of ship-owners, to whom ten dollars is of more value than the lives of all their crews—it requires oil !

Subsequently, being on a voyage to Russia, there occurred a very dark and blowy night. Eight o'clock was the appointed hour for carrying out the lantern. Coming on deck soon after, I found that it had been neglected, and accordingly told the second mate, whose fault it was, to ship it, and to seat himself on the jib-boom, to see that the light continued to burn. The gentleman went forward with an indistinct mutter about "new-fashioned humbugs," which did not tend to shorten his "new-fashioned watch." An hour afterwards we were running with a strong quartering breeze, under double-reefed topsails, when the look-out on the fore-castle sung out, "Light ho !" and there was a brig lying to, directly ahead of us. Our course was

altered in time to pass under her stern, giving her a sufficient berth, but near enough to see a man on the quarter deck holding a lantern in his hand !

This incident may convince many of the importance of *carrying a light*, as well as keeping a *good look-out*, for, had we neglected either of these precautions, two more might have been added to the list of "Missing Vessels."

SAILORS' RIGHTS AND SAILORS' WRONGS.

POOR JACK ! Imposed upon by rum-sellers, lawyers, landlords, and shipping-masters, is it not enough, and must your employers come in for a share of the devil's work ?

But who cares for you ? Let a pack of fifty lazy land-lubbers, who cannot walk a mile to their old church, or who must separate therefrom for the difference of "tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee," send an agent through the land to tell us of those feeble and persecuted brethren, who want a new meeting-house for conscience' sake, bank bills drop softly and silver rattles into the contribution boxes, while the donors congratulate themselves upon having done a deal of good—of having "come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

The wants of the West come crying into the market, and every parish pays its yearly stipend to the Home Missionary Society. Then we hear of children brought up in ignorance, and the Sunday-school agent has his hand in our

pockets. Next we are told that every *house in the land* must have a Bible and some tracts. Temperance must prevail *throughout the country*; and finally, thousands and tens of thousands of dollars must be expended to keep up an excitement which rivets the chains of "*our coloured brethren*," and which has exasperated the South to such a degree, that our poor cooks and stewards are treated with more severity than before. Now, God bless and prosper all benevolent societies, especially those whose aim it is to benefit "*our own, our native land*." But let us come in for *our* share; let the Christian public, particularly such as support the Foreign Missions, look about them and see how little, comparatively, has been done for *Seamen*, considering, at the same time, how intimately their improvement is connected with the object they have in view. Let public opinion open its batteries upon Sailors' enemies, and turn the hearts, or at least influence the conduct, of their employers.

Is it not the duty, and should it not be the pleasure, of ship-owners, to add to the comforts of those who, for such a small and hard-earned pittance, pour wealth into their coffers, and bring to them the luxuries of foreign lands? Instead of this, through ignorance, carelessness, and meanness, their situation is often rendered more intolerable than that of the poorest Irishman who does the scavenger duties of the streets.

Such ship-owners regard a sailor, as father Taylor once justly remarked, as "more like a horse than like a man, and if they have the humanity to give him a lodging at all, it would be in the barn." If they have a rotten ship, the only consideration that troubles them is effecting insurance; and if that can be surmounted, they have no compunction in shipping a crew in what, if the poor fellows knew the reality, they would look upon as their coffin!

Three winters since, I was walking with a friend down upon one of the wharves at the north end of Boston, where there lay an eastern ship, aged about nine years. She had leaked badly on the previous voyage, and a piece of her wales was then out for the length of twenty or thirty feet, so that her timbers were exposed to view. "You will have a great deal to do there," said my companion to the carpenter, as he put his boot against one of the rotten timbers, and kicked off more than half of its thickness! "Oh, don't," cried the carpenter, "don't kick another one! the old man says we must cover them up immediately!" And before we left the wharf, they were spiking on the new wale! The ship went to the East Indies and she *happened* to go safely.

This is a glaring instance: but cannot many more be found? What does the ignorant sailor know of the craft he ships, or, rather, is shipped.

in? And if he is lost in such a vessel, is not her owner, knowing her condition, guilty of something near akin to wilful and deliberate murder?

I once made a voyage in one of those eastern vessels, and we found her to be rotten enough before our return. The captain told the owner of it, but nothing was done to her. Other officers and another crew were shipped; she went to Canton, and fortunately reached St. Thomas on her return, where she was condemned; and it was so managed that the underwriters were saddled with the loss, after all, not unjustly; and it is to be hoped that their eyes will be opened, one of these days, to the impolicy, as well as injustice, of insuring these miserable cost-nothing eastern rat-traps, at the same rate as good and faithfully-built vessels.

It will scarcely require proof to convince people that our vessels, in nine cases out of ten, are not provisioned and manned as they should be; and the excuse for this is, "We must sail our vessels as cheap as others, these hard times." Hard times, indeed! Mr. Skinflint, when you employ almost as many servants in your family as you do in your ship; when these servants and even your dogs would spurn the food you consider "good enough for the sailor," as scarcely fit for a very hungry hog. Would they eat old No. 1 beef and poor bread one day, and poor bread and old No. 1 beef the next, day after day,

with nothing to relieve this variety but a hard "duff," once or at most twice a week, and if you asked them to do so, would they not laugh at you, and leave your house? And how would they feel if you should put the labour of two men upon one; would they do it cheerfully? Yet this is the way the Skinflint family do with sailors, and the Skinflint family is a large one too. I heard a ship owner, not long since, make his boast that he could sail one of his vessels, a bark of about 230 tons, with only four men before the mast, and no steward, and that all the fresh provisions they had on the passage was a quarter of beef when they left port! Very many vessels are thus shortly manned, and there are vessels of 700 tons, carying only twelve foremast hands! Now, Messrs. underwriters, how do you account for some of your losses?

Far be it from me to include *all* ship owners in the class of which I have been speaking. Many stand out in bold relief, and in the name of the sailor, I thank them for their liberality and attention to the comfort of their crews, in their provisions and in the arrangement of their forecastles, and beg narrow-minded men to look at them, and learn that

"On him prosperity attends,
Who most his fellow men befriends."

These remarks may have tended to show the many physical wants of sailors; but their moral necessities call far louder for sympathy and ac-

tion. Ignorance, the mother of crime, prevails amongst them to a degree unknown on land. It is our pride and glory that religion, morality and good order are nowhere to be found so prevalent as amongst the sons of *New England*, and the cause of this we all know, is *Education*. Why not give this blessing to the sons of the *ocean* as well? Give them that, and let them rise from their degraded mental condition to feel that they are men, and the news of mutiny and piracy will be less common. They will be able to withstand their enemies, so that grogshops and landlord rascals will become more rare.

These thoughts of the intellectual wants of seamen were naturally suggested by a visit to the Sailors' Home in New-York.

After attending service in the "Floating Chapel of our Saviour," one Sunday morning, I received an invitation from the Rev. Chaplain to dine with him at the Home, which was gladly accepted. Having visited the library, reading room, parlours, and in fact the whole establishment, throughout which the greatest neatness and good order prevailed, we followed the summons of the gong to dinner. The Rev. Mr. PARKER said grace amidst the profound silence of two hundred sailors, who then sat down to their meal and conducted themselves much more like gentlemen, than a party with whom I dined at the Astor House on the previous day. Cold "Croton" was the only drink—and while cheer-

fulness prevailed, there was nothing approaching undue levity. Such a sight I never saw before, and such a sight ten years since, I would no more have expected ever to witness than the fulfilment of Miller's prophecies. Two hundred seamen voluntarily bringing themselves within the pale of *civilization*, and behaving like so many rational and intelligent men! It would certainly but a few years ago, have been regarded as miraculous.

I have not time to write fully the many pages I might pen of the good this establishment has already accomplished—the hundreds who have been rescued by its means from the fangs of those serpents, ycleped landlords—ay, and the hundreds too, who having been turned out of doors by these sharks, after being stripped of their last cent and their clothing, have been received into this harbour for the unfortunate, cared for and brought back again into the paths of virtue from which they had strayed.

It costs money indeed to maintain it, above its receipts, but its benevolent projectors have long since received their own with compound interest in the thanks of many a reformed sailor—in the tear of gratitude that has moistened many a fond parent's eye. These are recompenses far above all pecuniary calculation. Money they cannot carry with them to the grave—but these coins will pass current with the treasury of heaven.

It is superfluous to dwell upon this theme—to

say more of the usefulness of these charitable institutions. Recent efforts show that they are appreciated, and no one can doubt that they are among the first and best of means to promote the object every friend of the sailor has at heart. The support of these institutions and of chaplains, at home and abroad, are nearly all we can ask of the Christian public, and to the importance of these, the public has at last awakened. But wake up, ship-owners and ship-masters!—do your duty and there will not be so much left for others.

Now, then, gentlemen ship-owners, just look around you and see what others are doing who have far less interest in sailors than you. Do you want faithful and willing men in your vessels? Is it not better to have men who study your interests, and are willing to exert themselves for your advantage, than a motley set of vagabonds, who will do no more than they are absolutely compelled to do—and is not a satisfied conscience worth something!

Then don't think Ringbolt impertinent if he advises you not only to give men room and good food, but to look after their moral interests. To do this well, so as to advance knowledge among them, *put a library on board of every ship*. Don't say "that is not our business"—for I'll reply, "would it not be a good thing, and who can do it as well as you?" Pray, what would it cost? Just almost nothing; and, believe me,

there is no possible way in which you can so charitably invest a few dollars, as in this. Don't throw this aside and cry "humbug!" It is *not* humbug—for I have proved it to my own satisfaction, and now let me prove it to yours.

On a recent voyage, where a library belonged to the ship, I had thirteen men before the mast. Two of these men died during the voyage of ten months, leaving eleven—two of whom went into counting-houses on their return, and six procured situations as officers—and this good result was accomplished mainly by that *library*! I don't mean to take any credit either to myself, for it was only a pleasure to aid in carrying out the good designs of such owners as I had the happiness to sail for.

This crew was all American. By this I do not mean that they merely had American protections, for foreigners who cannot speak a word of English are supplied with these; and if, as I have said in another part of this book, collectors, shipping-masters, and captains, did not wink at this evasion of the law as it now stands, three-fourths of our ships would be laid up for want of men. This subject cannot be too often brought before the public. Until it is attended to, there will exist a heavy drawback upon the efforts of the benevolent for the benefit of seamen.

They were *Native Americans*, and this is the Native Americanism which I advocate. They could all read, and had a desire to increase

their information. They knew the sanctity of an oath, and were not the men to be inveigled by those pests of society, sailor landlords and sailor lawyers, to swear to anything and everything which they were told to do. There was encouragement to assist such men as these.


But, landsmen, you do not know how little encouragement there is frequently for ship-masters to labour for the interest of their men. There are many sailors who would regard such efforts with distrust, so prejudiced are they against their officers, and prejudiced, too, by those very persons who call themselves their friends, and some of whom are undoubtedly sincere in their professions. A false sympathy has been gotten up for sailors by means of books which have had too extensive a circulation, and which, purporting to be narratives of personal experience, have obtained a great deal more credit than they deserve. People on shore believe that sailors are almost universally abused, and a jury can scarcely be found who will convict a sailor or clear an officer. They make no allowance for the perjury of ignorant sailors, and perjury is more common in cases of this kind than truth. The law has become nearly a dead letter, as far as it reads for the benefit of the officers. There are printed articles for the crew to sign, and printed laws upon the same sheet, and printed formulæ of receipts for wages in full of all demands of what kind soever. But the courts have set these

aside as meaning nothing at all. Sailors know that the public feeling is altogether in their favour, and that lawyers who will advocate their cases, (though they forget they will pocket their money,) are always on hand. They are thus ready to take advantage of every opportunity to prosecute their officers, whom they are taught to consider tyrants and enemies, for the slightest cause, which they magnify into cruel abuse; and if they cannot put the story together in a plausible shape, the landlords and lawyers will do it for them, and the sailors will swear to it.

This has been carried to an almost incredible extent. Allow me to relate an instance drawn from my own experience, and although I assure you it is entirely true, make an allowance of seventy-five per cent., on account of my being personally interested, and believe the balance, and I am satisfied.

I sailed from Boston in 1841 for the East Indies, and I acknowledge myself in fault for not particularly examining each man that was shipped. However, they were brought down as usual by the shipping-master, some sober and some drunk. Upon getting to sea, they all, with one exception, came to their senses and to their duty; and this exception was a crazy man, who had been put on board as simply a drunken one! He was so violent as to attempt stabbing some of his shipmates, and they requested me to take care of him as their lives were in danger. I ac-

cordingly confined him in a state room, from which he quickly made his escape; and after trying various milder methods to keep him quiet, I was obliged to put him in irons, releasing him only occasionally when not so violent, and keeping another man in constant attendance upon him. When freed from his irons in one instance, he jumped overboard, and we saved him with great difficulty, so much did he endeavour to drown himself. Upon arrival at Singapore, he attempted to run away, but I prevented him, intending to procure a place for him in an insane hospital at home.

On the homeward passage, (with slight lucid intervals, during which, however, he was too ill to work,) he continued deranged, requiring constant attendance and care. Upon arrival in New York, the decks were swarmed as usual with landlords, and he with the rest of the crew, (with whom I had no fault to find, and none of whom had been punished during the voyage,) were carried off by these harpies. Pay day came, and every man was paid his wages excepting Isaac Brown the crazy man, who did not appear, but in his place appeared a landlord, who claimed to be his brother-in-law, and who produced an order signed Isaac ^{his}  Brown, for the _{mark} balance of his wages, amounting to over one hundred dollars. I questioned the authenticity of it, for I knew that the man could write. I

refused to pay it, at any rate, on the ground that he had earned nothing, but that he was properly in debt to the ship for his advance wages, and for his passage to Singapore and back again, as well as for the wages and board of one man who constantly attended him. I used every exertion to find his whereabouts, in order to have him properly cared for, but in vain. Well, this brother-in-law put the case into the hands of Burr, Benedict and Beebe. It was carried before Judge Betts, and seven of that crew, who were all that remained in the city, solemnly swore that *Isaac Brown was a good seaman ; was neither drunk nor deranged during the whole voyage, and always performed his duty like any other man, excepting for a few weeks, when the captain cruelly confined him in irons !* The circumstance of his jumping overboard was unknown to them ! Two of these men were those who begged me in the first place to confine him, because their lives were in danger ; and two of the others assisted in rescuing him from drowning ! Being part owner of the ship, I was not allowed to testify. My two mates and carpenter were only three to seven, and Judge Betts accordingly allowed the *brother-in-law* of Isaac Brown to libel the ship for his wages. The offence was finally settled at an expense of over three hundred dollars. Now what, or rather *who* do you suppose induced these men to perjure themselves ?

Three years afterwards I was about to sail

from New York, and Isaac Brown came down on board of the ship. Mental and bodily disease had made sad havoc upon him, and he was really too much an object of pity to be one of anger. Though thus miserable, he appeared to be at the time in his right mind. He came to beg money.

"I have been miserable," said he, "ever since that voyage I was with you. My landlord took my clothes and put me aboard of a coaster, and I don't know where I have been since."

Upon being questioned in regard to the order for his wages, he offered to make oath before heaven that he never knew of it, nor did he know that the ship was libelled. He had not received one cent of his wages or of the three hundred dollars we had paid, and he had no brother-in-law or any other relative in New York! *To whom did the money go?*

The practice of prosecution is now so common that many ship-masters who are frequently in and out of port, find it cheapest to pay "black mail" to the principal sailor lawyers, and when a writ is presented it is always considered advisable to pay the lawyer a round sum to quash it—and this money the sailor never sees.

Let me not be misunderstood as asserting that officers are always in the right, and sailors always in the wrong; for some might say that I am prejudiced in favour of the captains, from holding that situation myself. I only claim a

portion of public sympathy for all sides. There may be tyranny and maltreatment on the part of officers, in many instances; but those instances are far, very far, less numerous than people are led to suppose. I do not wish to deal in hints, but much prefer to speak out plainly. Such books as Mr. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," and Mr. Browne's "Whaling Cruise," however interesting in many particulars, convey very wrong impressions as to the general treatment of seamen. They do not assert in so many words, that sailors are always abused (for they acknowledge instances of the contrary,) but they give people to understand that sailors are rather maltreated by their officers than otherwise. The reverse is the truth. I do not profess to know much about whale ships; but no one can read Mr. Browne's experience, without seeing plainly that he has overshot the mark, and without being amused at his project of establishing a democracy at sea.

These remarks are not the result of "one cruise," or of "two years before the mast;" but of thirteen years in various stations from the hawse-hole to the quarter-deck, and, without boasting, I trust that I can call upon many sailors to witness that I have not been their enemy.

Let the true friends of seamen be encouraged. Their labours have not been in vain: but there is a vast deal more to be done. Remodel the laws, and see that they are enforced. Do not rest

till a *law of apprenticeship* is established, which shall bring more Americans into the merchant marine. Urge upon owners to furnish libraries for their vessels, and if they will not do it, do it yourselves. Frown upon (I know no name so bad to call them by as their own) sailor landlords and sailor lawyers. Give sailors education, and make them men.

Brother shipmasters, we have something to do in this matter. Do not be discouraged because of ingratitude and annoyances. If our pockets suffer, let not our consciences suffer too. We can aid the efforts and charities of those who live on the land. If we wish to remove profanity and drunkenness from sailors, let us not swear nor be intemperate ourselves; if we wish to see them manifest a respect for religion, let us render obsolete the saying of "No Sunday off soundings." There *is* a Sabbath there as well as ashore, and we are as much bound to regard it as any men, to say the least, for none have more reason for gratitude to its Institutor than ourselves.

Let us all remember that "the sea is His, and He made it," as well as that "His hands formed the dry land."

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